WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE ENCYCLOPEDIA

Supplemental Volume

1

Hardesty's

EARLY WEST VIRGINIA

EDITOR'S NOTE

Every Hardesty's was prefaced with an "Early West Virginia" chapter, an accounting of the struggle of the settlers against the Indians. That account was the same in each book. This series of Hardesty's reprints will carry that account but once, and that in this volume as follows.

When Virginia first became known to the whites, it was occupied by many different tribes of Indians, attached to different nations. That portion lying northwest of the Blue Ridge, and extending to the Great Lakes, was possessed by the Massawomees, who were a powerful confederacy, rarely in friendship with the tribes east of those mountains. Little of their history is known; some suppose them to have been the ancestors of the Six Nations, but they more probably became incorporated with them.

This tribe gradually retired, as settlements extended westward from the sea, and when the white population reached the Blue Ridge mountains, the country between it and the Alleghenies was entirely uninhabited; the beautiful Valley of Virginia was then only used as a hunting ground, and as a highway for belligerent parties of Indians, in their expeditions against each other. In consequence of the continued hostilities between the northern and southern Indians, these expeditions were frequent, and tended to retard the settlement of the valley. There were small Indian villages interspersed West Virginia, the most of whose inhabitants crossed to the northwest between the Alleghenies and the Ohio river, within the present limits of side of the river, as the white settlements advanced.

North of the present boundary of Virginia, and particularly near the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, the Indians were more numerous, and their villages larger. The principal of these tribes were the Delawares, Mingoes and Shawnees, the greater part of whom moved westward when the French were forced to abandon their position at the forks of the Ohio river, in 1765. When improvements were commenced by the whites, therefore, in western Virginia, the country was almost entirely uninhabited, excepting by the wild beasts of the forest, and frequent straggling bands of Indians hunters, who wreaked their vengeance upon the whites whenever opportunity offered. In the country northwest of the Ohio, however, there were many warlike tribes who were exceedingly hostile to the colonists; and in the vicinity of the southwestern portion of the State were the Cherokees (who occupied the western part of North Carolina), the Chickasaws and the Catawbas.

FIRST WHITE SETTLERS ON THE MONONGAHELA, ITS BRANCHES, AND IN THE NORTHWEST.

Probably the first white men who built cabins in Virginia west of the Allegheny mountains were David Tygart and Mr. Files, who came in 1754, the latter settling at the mouth of the creek which now bears his name (where the town of Beverly stands); and the former, a few miles farther up the river (since called Tygarts Valley river), in what is known as Tygarts valley. The only Indians in this vicinity at that time were hunting and war parties from the north and west, whose hostility (and the difficulty in obtaining breadstuff for their families) soon determined these men to abandon their settlements. Before they could carry out their determination, however, the family of Files became victims to savage cruelty. A strolling band massacred them all excepting a boy, who, making his escape, hastened to the Tygarts and warned them in time, so that they saved themselves by flight.

Soon after this, a settlement was made on Cheat river, a few miles east of where Morgantown now stands, by a party of Dunkards, comprising Dr. Thomas Eckarly and his two brothers. They first encamped at the mouth of Dunkards creek, which owes its name to this circumstance, and finally located on Dunkards bottom, on Cheat river. Although a bloody Indian war was then waging, they remained unmolested for several years, when the doctor went to visit a trading post upon the Shenandoah river and obtain supplies. Upon his return, he found the ashes of his cabin and the mutilated bodies of his brothers.

In the fall of 1758, Thomas Decker and others commenced a settlement on the Monongahela, at the mouth of the creek which has since borne his name, but they were driven out in the spring by a war party of Delawares and Mingoes, and many of them murdered. Owing to the continued hostilities, no further effort was made to establish a settlement upon the Monongahela or its branches, until after the treaty of peace, in 1765.

This treaty greatly contributed to advance the prosperity of the Virginia frontiers. While it lasted, the necessity of congregating in forts and block-houses no longer existing, each family enjoyed the comforts of its own fireside, undisturbed by fearful apprehensions of danger from the prowling savage, and free from the confusion and bustle consequent on being crowded together. No longer forced to cultivate their little fields in common, by the united exertions of a whole neighborhood, with tomahawks suspended from their belts and rifles attached to their plow beams, their original spirit of enterprise was revived; and while the certainity of reaping in unmolested safety the harvest for which they had toiled, gave industry an impetus which increased prosperity, it also induced others to come among them, and an increase in population and an extension of settlements was the consequence.

It was during this period that several establishments were made on the Monongahela and its branches. These were nearly cotemporaneous, but the first in order was that made on the Buckhannon, a fork of Tygarts Valley river. It was during the year 1764 that John Simpson, a trapper, had his camp at the head of the Youghogany river, and in his employ were John and Samuel Pringle – two soldiers, who had deserted from Fort Pitt. These glades having begun to be a common hunting ground, Simpson and his party determined upon moving farther west, where they might be free from the incursions of other hunters. After having crossed Cheat river at the Horse Shoe, and while journeying through the wilderness, a quarrel arose between Simpson and one of the Pringles, and they separated, the Pringles keeping up the Valley river until they reached the Buckhannon, which they ascended several miles, and at the mouth of Turkey run took up their abode in the cavity of a large sycamore tree. Here they remained together, subsisting upon game, until 1767, when John left his brother for the purpose of going to a trading post on the Shenandoah to secure ammunition

and other supplies. Samuel suffered considerably during his brother's absence, who, however, returned in the course of several weeks, bringing the news of the treaty of peace with the French and Indians. Now, no longer fearing arrest for desertion, and becoming tired of their seclusion, they determined to leave it, not, however, without feelings of regret, and they expected to return as soon as possible, if they could induce others to accompany them to that desirable section.

In the fall of the ensuing year, therefore (1768), Samuel Pringle returned, accompanied by several others, who, being pleased with the appearance of the country, removed there the following spring, locating permanently upon lands selected by them, which they proceeded to cultivate. John Jackson (who was accompanied by his sons, George and Edward) settled at the mouth of Turkey run; John Hacker, farther up on the Buckhannon river, where "Bushes fort" was soon afterward established; Alexander and Thomas Sleeth, near to the Jacksons, on what was afterward known as the "Forenash Plantation." It was at the house of George Jackson that the first county court of Harrison was held, in 1784. William Hacker, Thomas and Jesse Hughes, John and William Radcliff and John Brown employed their time exclusively in hunting, neither of them making improvements in land for their own benefit; they proved to be a valuable adjunct to the community, however, in supplying the inhabitants with meat, and afterward aiding to defend them against the savages. In fact, the skill in woodcraft which they attained afterward rendered their services invaluable. These men, in one of their expeditions, discovering the West Fork river, gave it its name.

John Simpson, after parting with the Pringle brothers, crossed over the Valley river, near the mouth of Pleasant creek, and passing on to the head of another water course, gave it the name of Simpsons creek. Thence he went westwardly until he came upon a stream which he named Elk creek, at the mouth of which he erected a camp, where he continued to reside for twelve months, during which time he saw nothing of his former companions, or any human face. At the end of a year, he proceeded to a settlement on the South Branch, where he disposed of a large stock of furs and skins, and returned again to his camp at the mouth of the Elk, remaining until a number of cabins had been erected near the creek, on what is now Main street, in the city of Clarksburg.

After the first arrival, other emigrants soon came, under the guidance of Samuel Pringle, from the South Fork settlements, among whom were John Cutright, who settled on Buckhannon; Henry Rule, who improved a tract just above the mouth of Finks run, and John and William Radcliff, who both settled on Hacker's creek – the latter on the place afterward owned by William Powers. John Hacker settled on the creek which took his name.

In 1768, Jacob Vanmeter, John Swan, Thomas Hughes and others, settled on the west side of the Monongahela, near the mouth of Muddy creek. The same year, the place which had been occupied for a time by Thomas Decker and his unfortunate associates (where Morgantown is now situated) was settled by a party of emigrants, one of whom was David Morgan, afterward so celebrated for personal prowess and daring in his encounters with the Indians.

In 1769, Col. Ebenezer Zane, his brothers Silas and Jonathan, with some others from the South branch, visited the Ohio river for the purpose of commencing improvements, and to select positions for their future residence. Col. Zane chose for his an eminence above the mouth of Wheeling creek, near the Ohio, and opposite a beautiful island; this spot is now in the midst of the flourishing city of Wheeling. Silas Zane commenced improving on Wheeling creek, and Jonathan (with several others who accompanied the adventurers) remained with Col. Zane. After making preparations for the reception of their families, they proceeded to the South branch after them, returning in 1770, accompanied by Col. David Shepherd, John Wetzel (father of Lewis) and the McCulloughs – men whose names are

identified with the early history of that country. Soon after this other settlements were made, at points both above and below Wheeling, on Buffalo, Short and Grave creeks, and the Ohio; among the first to settle above Wheeling were George Lefler, John Doddridge, Benjamin Biggs, Daniel Greathouse, Joshua Baker and Andrew Swearingen.

About 1770, Capt. James Booth and John Thomas located upon the creek which received the former's name, near the present town of Boothville, Marion county. The former settled at the place known as the "Jesse Martin farm," and the latter on the "old William Martin place." Sixty years later, this latter was called the most valuable landed estate in northwestern Virginia, off the Ohio river.

About this time, also, David Morgan (the noted Indian fighter) established himself upon the Monongahela, near the mouth of Pricketts creek, five miles below Fairmont. Among others settling here at this time, were families by the name of Prickett, Ice, Hall, Cochran, Hayes, Cunningham, Hartley, Barns, Haymond, Fleming and Springer whose descendants now comprise a large proportion of the population of the surrounding country. Many of them came from the colonies of Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, crossing the mountains by the route known as "Braddock's trail." In the burying ground at Barracksville is the grave of Adam Ice – the first white child born in Virginia west of the Alleghenies. He was born at Ices Ferry, on Cheat river, in 1767 (a short time previous to the removal of the family to the Monongahela), and he died in 1851.

In 1772, settlements were made on Simpsons creek, West Fork river and Elk creek. John Simpson at this time held a "tomahawk title" on the first-mentioned stream, which was purchased by John Powers, who immediately settled upon it; and James Anderson and Jonas Webb located further up the creek. On the Elk, and in the vicinity of Clarksburg, settlements were made by Thomas Nutter, near what was afterward the Forge Mills; Samuel Cottrial, on the east side of the creek, nearly opposite Clarksburg; Sotha Hickman, on the west side of the same creek, above Cottrial; Samuel Beard, at the mouth of Nannys run; Andrew Cottrial, above Beard, on the farm for a long time owned by John W. Patton; Daniel Davisson, where Clarksburg is now situated; Obadiah Davisson and John Nutter, on the West fork, the former near the old salt works, and the latter at the place for many years owned by Adam Hickman, Jr.

At this time a considerable acession was also made to the settlements on Buckhannon and Hackers creek. So great was the increase in population in the latter neighborhood, that the crops of the preceding season did not afford more than one-third of the breadstuff that would ordinarily be consumed in the same time by an equal number. Such was the state of suffering caused by this scarcity of food that the year 1773 has been known here as "the starving year," and it was at this time that William Lowther (afterward the first sheriff of Harrison county) rendered such invaluable service, and unselfishly exerted himself to relieve the wants of the people of the community.

In 1772, the fine country lying on the east fork of the Monongahela river, between the Allegheny mountains, at the southeast, and the Laurel hill (or Rich mountain) at the northwest, which had received the name of Tygarts valley, attracted the attention of a number of emigrants, and during that year the greater part of the valley was located. Among those who occupied nearly all the level land lying between those mountains – a plain of about thirty miles in length and varying from three-fourths to two miles in width, of rich soil – are found the names of Hadden, Connelly, Whiteman, Warwick, Nelson, Stalnaker, Riffle and Westfall. Cheat river (on which no attempt at settlement had been made but by the unfortunate Eckarlys) then began to attract attention. The Horse Shoe bottom was located by Captain James Parsons, of the South branch; also, in the neighborhood, settled Robert Cunningham, Henry Fink, John Goff; and John Minear, Robert Butler, William Morgan and others settled on the Dunkard bottom.

These were the principal settlements begun in Northwestern Virginia prior to the year 1774. Few and scattered as they were, when it became known that they were established, hundreds flocked to them from every part of the country, and no sooner had they come together than similitude of situation and a common danger created a bond of unison and friendship.

THE GREAT KANAWHA RIVER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES

In the year 1753, when all this region was an unbroken wilderness, a party of Shawnees came from their villages on the Scioto river (now in Ohio) and made a raid upon the frontier settlements of Virginia, in what is now Montgomery county. Taking the whites by surprise, they destroyed their settlement, murdered the greater portion of them, and retreated with a number of captives, down New river, Kanawha and Ohio, to their homes. One of these captives was Mrs. Mary Ingles, who afterward made her escape and returned to her friends, to whom she related that the party of savages stopped several days at a salt spring on the Kanawha river, during which time they were engaged in manufacturing salt by boiling the water. This was the first account of salt making west of the Alleghenies.

The earliest white settlement in the Kanawha valley was made by Walter Kelley and family, at the mouth of the creek which bears his name, in 1774, several months before the battle of Point Pleasant. These people were all killed by the Indians; but after the battle of the Point, when there was greater security for life, the valley was rapidly settled, mostly by Virginians, and largely by the hardy soldiers who had followed General Lewis to Point Pleasant. Among the earliest land locations was one of 502 acres, made in 1785 by John Dickinson, (from the Valley of Virginia,) to include the mouth of Campbells creek, the bottom above, and the salt spring. The place was sold by him to Joseph Ruffner, in 1794, who removed to the Kanawha in 1795, and purchased 900 acres of river bottom from George and William Clendenin, which extended from the mouth of the Elk river up the Kanawha, and upon forty acres of which the village of Charleston had been laid out and started, the previous year.

A few hundred yards above the mouth of Campbells creek, just in front of Thoroughfare gap, Daniel Boone made a log cabin settlement, and resided on the opposite side of the river, on the Splint Coal bottom. Here he lived for a number of years, engaged in hunting, trapping and fighting the Indians, and in 1791, served as one of the delegates from Kanawha county to the Legislature at Richmond.

The first white man who reached the mouth of the Kanawha, of which history makes mention, was Christopher Gist, the agent and surveyor of the Ohio Land Company. In the year 1749, he set out on a tour of exploration north of the Ohio, where the lands of his employer were located, and in 1750, when on his return, he reached the mouth of the Great Kanawha, and made a thorough exploration of the country north of that river. His journal may be seen in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mrs. Hannah Dennis, in the year 1763, returning from a three years' captivity among the Shawnee Indians beyond the Ohio, reaching the Ohio river in June of that year, crossed it on a drift log at the mouth of the Kanawha, and twenty days afterward reached the settlements on the James. Captain William Arbuckle, (one of the most distinguished characters in pioneer history) visited the mouth of the Kanawha in 1764, and ten years later was chosen to guide the army of General Lewis to that place. This Kanawha valley became the great thoroughfare by which the Indians, when on their expeditions of bloodshed and murder, reached the eastern settlements, and many were the prisoners carried along this route, when on their way to spend a hopeless captivity in the western wilderness.

The first trail through the wilds from Lewisburg to this valley was that made by the army of General Lewis when on its march to Point Pleasant, in 1774; this was known as "Lewis Trace," and was nothing

better than a bridle-path; the first wagon-road was completed in 1786. A fort was erected at the mouth of the Kanawha in 1774, and soon afterward Clendenin's fort, where Charleston now stands. Many families resided in these forts during the continuance of the Indian war, who, escaping from their confinement after the declaration of peace, in 1795, began the permanent settlement of the valley. Among these were the families of Ruffner, Arbuckle, Morris, Greenlee, Tretter, Cautrell, Clendenin, Van Bebber and many others.

IN THE GREENBRIER COUNTRY

The first permanent settlement west of the Blue Ridge was made by Joist Hite, who, in 1732, came with fifteen other families, and settled in what is now Frederick county, Virginia; he was soon followed by many others. About the year 1749, there was a man in Frederick county subject to lunacy, and when at times laboring under its influence, he would ramble long distances into the wilderness. In one of these wanderings he came upon the waters of Greenbrier river, and, surprised to find them flowing in a westerly direction, he made the fact known on his return to Winchester, and that the country abounded in game. In consequence of this information, two men (recently from New England), named Suel (Sewell) and Martin (Marlin), visited the locality, and took up their residence on Greenbrier river. The former moved 40 miles west of their first improvement, and fell a prey to the Indians, and the latter soon returned to the settlements. John Lewis and his son Andrew came to the same section in 1751, and thoroughly explored it, and when permission was granted to the Greenbrier company (of which John Lewis was a member) to locate 100,000 acres on the waters of the river, they became the agents to make the surveys and locations. The war between France and England, in 1754, checked their proceedings, and in 1761, they were prevented from resuming them by royal edict, which commanded all those who had made settlements on the western waters, to remove from them, in order that peace might be maintained with the Indians, who claimed the right to the domain. Previous to the issuing of this proclamation, some families had moved to Greenbrier and made two settlements — one on Muddy creek, and the other in the Big levels; these, disregarding the royal command, remained until they were destroyed by the Indians, in 1763, and from this time until 1769, Greenbrier was uninhabited; at the later date, Captain John Stuart and a few other young men began to settle and improve the country.

In 1756, settlements were also made on New river and on Holstein, and among the daring adventurers who effected them were Evan Shelby, William Campbell, William Preston, Thomas Walden and Daniel Boone, all of whom became distinguished in the history of the country. The lands taken up by them were held as "corn rights," each acquiring a title to an hundred acres of land for every acre planted in corn.

THE FIRST ENGLISH TRADERS PRIO 1795

As early as the year 1740, traders from the colonies of Pennsylvania and eastern Virginia went among the Indians on the Ohio and its tributary streams to deal for skins and pelts. In the second volume of Spark's Writings of Washington is recorded the first attempt toward a permanent settlement on the Ohio river. "In the year 1748, Thomas Lee, one of his majesty's counsel in Virginia, formed a design of effecting a settlement on the wild lands west of the Allegheny mountains through the association of a number of gentlemen. Before this date there were no English residents in those regions. A few traders wandered from tribe to tribe and dwelt among the Indians, but they neither cultivated or occupied the land. Mr. Lee associated with himself Mr. Hanbury, a merchant from London, and twelve persons in Virginia and Maryland, composing the Ohio Land Comapny. A half million of acres of land was granted them, to be taken principally on the south side of the Ohio river, between the Monongahela and Kanawha rivers."

Following the treaty of Aix-la-Chapeller, in 1749, the French

began to take formal possession of their discoveries on the Ohio river and its tributaries. February 10, 1763, peace was established between Great Britain, France and Spain, at which time France surrendered to the English the Canadas and all her possessions east of the Mississippa river, as far south as the thirty-first degree of latitude; while Spain gave up Florida. In 1764, France ceded Louisiana to Spain, thus abandoning the last of her territory in North America. The Indians being now deserted by their old allies, the French (who, for a long series of years, had been their friends, supplying them with clothing and implements of war), it was thought that they would remain at peace with the English settlements. Having faith in their fair promises to this effect, traders, provided with valuable assortments of merchandise to be exchanged for their peltries, circulated with more freedom among them along the rivers. But in the summer of 1763, a formidable alliance was formed, composed of all the western tribes from the Muskingum to the Michillimackinac, for the purpose of exterminating the whites. They were doubtless partly instigated to this by their old allies, the French, who smarting under their late defeat, looked with a jealous eye upon the advance of the English settler. Preceding their attacks on the forts, they commenced murdering and plundering the English traders. It is estimated, by early writers, that two hundred of these traders, and their servants, lost their lives. A simultaneous attack was made upon all the western forts, and the terrible events which followed, from this time until the spring of 1765, form one of the most thrilling chapters in our country's history.

GENERAL SITUATION 1765-1795

After a treaty of peace with the Indians, by Colonel Boquet, in 1765, the district of West Augusta began to be settled more rapidly by people from east of the mountains. Between the years 1769-74, the settlements made extended in a circular belt, around a large wilderness of forest, commencing at Wheeling and Grave creek on the Ohio river, passing over the dividing mountains to the Monongahela river, thence to Clarksburg, on the West Fork river, thence over to Tygart valley and Buckhannon rivers in the east, thence southward to Greenbrier and New rivers, thence westward, down New and Big Kanawha rivers to the Ohio river, at Point Pleasant. This semi-circle embraces about 170 miles on the Ohio river, extending back southeastward from 50 to 125 miles. The vast territory of forest lands in the central part of this tract was left unsettled at that time, owing to the fear of attack from passing bands of Indians, and from this time to the beginning of the present century, it was slow to receive emigrants. From 1785 to 1795, all the tribes of the Northwestern territory (excepting the Moravian Indians) were engaged in a united warfare upon the white settlements.

EVENTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF WESTERN VIRGINIA

A general description of the war between the Indians and the early pioneers is given in the accompanying history of the State. It would be impossible and undesirable to give a full and complete account of the numerous atrocities that were committed during its continuance; it were better, perhaps, to forget some of the heart-sickening details, rather than have the memory of them perpetuated, as it could serve no good purpose. Enough, however, of the most important and interesting, will be chronicled, gathered from the recollections and notes of old pioneers, as will serve to illustrate the spirit of the times, and the trials and troubles of the early settlers.

THE INDIANS PROVOKED TO OPEN HOSTILITY

There were no outbreaks among the Indians of northwestern Virginia for a period of nearly ten years after

the close of the French and Indian war (1765 to 1774), and this state of affairs would doubtless have longer continued, had it not been for the barbarous action on the part of a few whites. Among these atrocities was the unprovoked murder of three Indians by John Ryan, on the Ohio, Monongahela and Cheat rivers, at different periods during this time. Capt. Peter, a chief of some distinction, was the first of Ryan's victims, and the others were also noted warriors, who were on friendly terms with the whites. About the same time, other friendly Indians were killed in this vicinity while visiting the white settlers.

Among the victimes to the treachery of this unscrupulous class of white settlers was Bald Eagle, an Indian well known as a warm friend, who was frequently in the habit of associating with them. While on one of his visits to the white settlements, he was waylaid by Jacob Scott, William Hacker and Elijah Runner, and murdered in cold blood. Seating the body in the stern of a canoe, they set it afloat in the Monongahela river, after thrusting in the mouth of the dead warrior a piece of "journey cake." Several persons noticed the canoe, with its ghastly burden, descending the river, but supposed that Bald Eagle was merely returning from a visit to his white friends at the up-river settlements. The canoe finally floated near the shore, below the mouth of Georges creek, where it was observed by a Mrs. Province, who, recognizing the unfortunate old man, had him brought to the shore and decently buried.

In 1772, there was an Indian town on the Little Kanawha called Bulltown inhabited by five families, who were in habits of friendly and social intercourse with the whites on Buckhannon, and on Hackers creek, frequently visiting and hunting with them. There was likewise residing on Gauley river the family of a German named Stroud. In the summer of that year, Mr. Stroud being from home, his family were all murdered, his house plundered and his cattle driven off. The trail made by the marauders leading in the direction of Bulltown, induced the supposition that the Indians of the village had been the authors of the outrage, and caused several to resolve to revenge it upon them.

A party of five men, two of whom were William White and William Hacker, who had been concerned in previous murders, expressed a determination to proceed immediately to Bulltown. The remonstrance of the settlement could not operate to effect a change in their purpose. They went, and on their return, circumstances justified the belief that the pre-apprehension of those who knew the temper and feelings of White and Hacker, had been well founded, and that there had been some fighting between them and the Indians. And notwithstanding they denied having seen an Indian in their absence, yet it was the prevailing opinion that they had destroyed all the men, women and children at Bulltown, and thrown their bodies into the river. Indeed, one of the party is said to have, inadvertently, used expressions confirmatory of this opinion, and to have then justified the deed by saying that the clothes and other things known to have belonged to Stroud's family were found in the possession of the Indians. The village was soon after visited, and found to be entirely desolated, and nothing being ever afterward heard of its former inhabitants, there can remain no doubt that the murder of Stroud's family was requited on them.

Here, then, was a fit time for the Indians to commence a system of retaliation and war; if they were disposed to engage in hostilities for offenses of this kind alone. Yet no such event was the consequence of the killing of the Bulltown Indians, or of the other murders which preceded that outrage. When the family of the Indian chief, Logan, was killed opposite Yellow creek, he said: "The Indians are not angry on account of those murders, but only myself." The renewal of hostilities by the Indians in 1774 was mainly caused by the emissaries of Great Britain, whose allies they became, and who urged and instigated an assault upon the colonists, in order to detract attention from the outrages being perpetrated upon them by England, and also to cripple them and prevent an armed resistance to the King's authority.

which was then threatened. The Indian battle at Point Pleasant, which occured at this time, an account of which is given in the history of the State, has, therefore, been justly termed the first battle of the Revolutionary war.

CONSTRUCTION OF FORTS AND PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE

As soon as it became manifest that there was to be a general war with the Indians, many of the whites in northwestern Virginia made their way to Fort Pitt (now Pittsburg), at the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, and other smaller forts were rapidly constructed throughout the country. Prickett's fort was erected at the mouth of Prickett's creek, on the Monongahela, about five miles below Fairmont, which afforded protection to all the settlers on the upper Monongahela, in the vicinity of where now stand the towns of Fairmont, Palatine, Rivesville and Newport. In Tygarts valley were erected Westfalls and Cassinos forts. Near Clarksburg, Nutters fort afforded protection to the inhabitants of the West Fork, from its source to its confluence with the valley river. Jacksons fort, erected on Ten Mile creek, became a rendezvous for the settlers in that neighborhood. These were the most important stations in this part of the state, but there were numerous other strongholds constructed, in different localities, in which a few families in the immediate neighborhood would take refuge when an alarm was given. These were dark days of constant terror to the pioneers. When at work in the fields, the trusty rifle was a necessary companion, and although the utmost vigilance was exercised, there was no safeguard against the sudden approach of the wily foe, who came upon them when least expected, massacring defenseless families, burning their cabins and hastening on to new fields for rapine and plunder. The exigencies of the times developed many a hero, and numerous thrilling scenes of daring adventure and sorrowful and cruel bloodshed occurred.

CHIEF LOGAN'S RAID ON SIMPSONS CREEK

The region of the upper Monongahela was not the scene of active war, but straggling parties of Indians would frequently find their way to that section for the purpose of committing depredations. Probably the first of these incursions into the vicinity was made by a party of eight Indians, led by the celebrated Cayuga chief, Logan, always hitherto (until the murder of his family and other atrocities, impelled him to exchange the pipe of peace for the tomahawk), the honest "friend of the white man." They traversed the country from the Ohio river, to the West Fork, and on the 12th day of July, 1774, came suddenly upon William Robinson, Thomas Hellen and Coleman Brown, who were pulling flax in a field opposite the mouth of Simpsons creek. Taking the whites by surprise, they fired upon them, when Brown was instantly killed, and Hellen and Robinson sought safety in flight. Hellen, being an old man, was soon made captive, but Robinson, being young and active, would have made his escape but for an accident. Believing that he was outstripping his pursuers, he looked over his shoulder to see whether the Indians were following, and ran with such force against a tree, striking his head, that he fell to the ground, stunned and insensible. Taking with them a horse which had belonged to Brown, the savages set off with their prisoners.

As they approached their village, Logan gave the scalp halloo (as was usual after a successful scout), and several warriors came out to meet them, to conduct the prisoners into camp. Then followed the ceremony of running the gauntlet. Robinson, having been previously instructed by Logan (who had manifested a kindly feeling toward him), made his way with little interruption to the council-house. Poor Hellen, however, being infirm, and ignorant that the council-house was a place of refuge, was badly beaten, and finally knocked down just before reaching the haven of safety. Here he would have been beaten to death, had not Robinson, at great risk to himself, reached forth and drawn him in. After recovering

from the effects of the beating, Hellen was adopted into an Indian family. Robinson was tied to the stake to be burned, and Logan interceded with his matchless eloquence, for his preservation. While some of the savages were moved by it, and inclined to mercy, the greater portion insisted on proceeding with the cruel tragedy, until the chief, enraged at their pertinacity, and heedless of the consequence, drew his tomahawk, and severing the cords which bound the prisoner, led him hastily to the cabin of an old squaw, by whom he was immediately adopted. Logan continued a friend to Robinson, who remained with his adopted mother until he was redeemed under the treaty made at the close of the Dunmore campaign.

INDIAN MURDERS–ATTACK ON FORT HARBERT

In September, 1774, Josiah Prickett and Mrs. Susan Ox left Pricketts fort, near Newport, for the purpose of driving up their cows. Attracted by the tinkling of the cow-bells, a party of Indians waylaid them, and succeeded in killing and scalping the former and taking the latter prisoner.

For two years after this, although the Indians continued their depredations throughout the country (utterly ignoring the treaty of peace made at Point Pleasant), no serious outrages happened in that immediate vicinity. The next important event of the kind occurred in June, 1777, on Rooting creek, a branch of West Fork, at the house of Charles Grisby. During the absence of Mr. Grisby, a party of Indians entered his house, and, after plundering it, departed, taking with them Mrs. Grisby and her two children as prisoners. The husband and father soon after returned, and, comprehending instantly what had been done, he hastily gathered a few of his neighbors together and started in pursuit. After following the trail for about six miles, they came upon a ghastly scene. Lying on the ground were the bodies of Mrs. Grisby and her younger child, both killed and scalped by their inhuman captors. Leaving two of their number to take care of the remains, the men pushed forward, eager to overtake the savages and avenge the bloody deed, but they were finally obliged to give up in despair and return home.

Soon after this, two Indians secreted themselves near Coons fort, on West Fork, waiting an opportunity to do some mischief, when a daughter of Mr. Coon came out of the fort into a field which bordered the roadside. Enoch Jones and Thomas Cunningham, coming down the road, held a short conversation with her, and passed on. In the meantime, the Indians were waiting for her to come near enough to enable them to capture her without alarming the people at the fort; but, turning suddenly, she observed them, and started to run home. Instantly one of the savages shot at her, while the other overtook and tomahawked her before the eyes of the horrified men, who were too far distant to render her aid. The settlers immediately started in pursuit, but the savages managed to evade them.

On the 3d of March following (1778), a party of Indians came suddenly upon a number of children playing in a yard, on Tenmile creek, belonging to the house known as Fort Harbert – a place of refuge for the settlers in the neighborhood. The children ran, screaming to the house, and apprised the inmates of the approach of the savages. John Murphy, hastening to the door, was instantly shot, and fell back into the house. The Indian who had fired, not knowing that there were other men in the house, sprang in, and was instantly grappled by Mr. Harbert, who threw him upon the floor, and struck him with his tomahawk. While standing over the prostrate savage, two shots were fired at Harbert from without, one of which passed through his head and killed him. In the meantime, Edward Cunningham was having a terrible struggle with a warrior who had entered immediately after the first one. Drawing up his gun, he attempted to shoot the savage, but it missed fire, and the two men closed in a hand-to-hand encounter. After a few moments contest, Cunningham wrenched the Indian's tomahawk from his hand and buried it in his

back, while Mrs. Cunningham struck the savage a hasty blow with an ax, causing him to release his hold upon Cunningham, and beat a retreat from the house. The third Indian who entered the door wore the unshorn front of a buffalo, with the ears and horns still attached, and as he entered, he struck Miss Reece a blow which wounded her severely. Mrs. Reece, seeing the imminent danger of her daughter, seized the head-dress of the savage by its horns, hoping to turn aside the blow, but it came off in her hands and the blow fell upon the girl's head. Mr. Reece then attacked the Indian, but was quickly thrown to the floor, and would have been killed, had not Cunningham rushed to the rescue and tomahawked the assailant. During this time, the balance of the Indians, who had been prevented from ertering the door by the women, were engaged in securing the children in the yard, in order to carry them off as prisoners; having secured the greater portion and killed the balance, they retreated. In this attack one white person was killed in the house, and four wounded; three of the eight children in the yard were killed, and the balance taken prisoners; the Indians had one killed and two wounded.

HUGHES AND LOWTHER SHOT, AND DEATH OF ISAAC WASHBURN

In the latter part of the following April (1778), a party of about twenty Indians came to the neighborhoods of Hackers creek and the West Fork. At this time, the inhabitants had taken refuge in West fort, on the creek, and in Richards fort, on the river; and, leaving the women and children in them during the day, under the protection of a few men, the others were in the habit of working upon their farms in companies, so that they might protect themselves from Indian attack. A company of men being thus engaged, during the first week in May, in a field (afterward owned by Minter Bailey) on Hackers creek, some fencing, others clearing or plowing, and being somewhat separated, they were unexpectedly fired upon by the Indians, and Thomas Hughes and Jonathan Lowther shot down; the others, being incautiously without arms, fled for safety. Two of the number (having the Indians between them and Wests fort), fled towards Richards, as well for the preservation of their lives as to give the alarm. The inmates had, however, been apprised that the enemy was at hand. Isaac Washburn (who had been to mill the day before, on Hackers creek) when returning to Richards fort, and near to where Clements mills were afterward located, was shot from his horse, tomahawked and scalped. The finding of his body had given the alarm, and they were already on their guard before the arrival of the two men from Hackers creek. The Indians left the neighborhood without doing further mishcief, and the whites were not strong enough to pursue them.

DEATH OF MRS. FREEMAN AND PURSUIT OF THE INDIANS

In June of this year, three women went out from Wests fort to gather greens in a field near by, and while thus engaged were fired upon by four Indians, who were lying in wait. Only one shot was fired, the ball passing through Mrs. Hacker's bonnet without hitting her, and the women ran for the fort, giving the alarm. An Indian in pursuit, having in his hand a staff with a spear at the end, thrust it through Mrs. Freeman, and then cleft the upper part of her head with his tomahawk and carried it off to secure the scalp. The screams of the women alarmed the men at the fort, who ran out and fired at the Indians without effect. Although not in time to save Mrs. Freeman, the firing served to warn the men, who were out, of their danger, and they quickly came in.

Jesse Hughes and John Schoolcraft, in making their way to the fort, saw two Indians standing by the fence so intently watching the proceedings that they managed to go around them and enter the fort without being discovered. Hughes, securing his gun, immediately started in pursuit, followed by Charles and Alexander West, Elias Hughes, James Brown and John Sleeth, and hearing one of the Indians howl like a wolf (a signal among the savages) answered him, and

the men proceeded in the direction from whence the sound came. Running to the top of a hill they saw two Indians coming toward them, in answer to their signal, and Hughes fired, when one savage fell, the other taking to flight. The fugitive sprang into the thick bushes, and while they ran around to intercept him, he came out by the way he had entered and escaped. The wounded Indian had in the meantime recovered his feet and made off, and although they tracked him some distance by the blood which flowed from his wound, a heavy rain commenced falling which soon obliterated the trail, and they were obliged to give up the chase.

DEATH OF CAPT. BOOTH AND CAPTURE OF CAPT. COCHRAN.

As Capts. James Booth and Nathaniel Cochran were at work in a field on Booths creek, near the present village of Briertown, on June 16, 1778, they were surprised by a party of Indians, who fired upon them, killing Booth, and slightly wounding Cochran. The latter fled, but was soon overtaken, made prisoner, and carried off to the Indian villages in Ohio. He was soon afterward taken to Detroit, where he was sold to another tribe, and remained a prisoner for a long period. While at Detroit he attempted to make his escape, and would have succeeded had he not unfortunately taken a path which led him directly to the old Maumee towns, where he was recaptured, and, after being detained for a short time, sent back to Detroit. After enduring many hardships, and having been traded backward and forward among the Indians, he was finally ransomed, and found his way home. When taken captive he was a youth of eighteen, but when he returned he was a man of thirty-five years of age. He seemed to have been a favorite among the Indians, and was generally treated very kindly during the seventeen years which he spent among them.

Capt. Booth was probably the most prominent man in the section in which he lived, a gentleman of good education and great talent and energy, and his loss was deeply felt and mournfully regretted.

DEATH OF GRUNDY SAD FATE OF JAMES WASHBURN.

A few days after the killing of Booth, the same party of Indians met Benjamin Shinn, Benjamin Washburn and William Grundy, returning from the head of Booths creek. As they laid in ambush, near Baxters run, they fired upon the whites, when Grundy was killed, and the others made their escape. William was a brother to Hon. Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, whose father was then residing at Simpsons creek, on a farm afterward owned by Col. Benjamin Wilson, sr. The death of this brother was pathetically referred to by Felix Grundy in an eloquent speech delivered by him several years afterward in the halls of Congress.

Continuing on their way, the savages discovered James Owens, a lad sixteen years of age, who was on his way from Powers fort, on Simpsons creek, to Booths creek, and had just dismounted to adjust his saddle-girth; they fired, and the ball passed directly through him, killing both himself and horse.

A family of Washburns, on the West Fork, having several times narrowly escaped from the Indians, commenced making arrangements for their departure. While two of them were engaged in procuring pine-knots from which to make wax for shoe-making, they were discovered and fired at by the Indians. Stephen fell dead, and James was taken prisoner and carried to their towns. Upon Nathaniel Cochran's return, he related the story of Washburn's captivity. On the evening of the latter's first arrival at the Indian village, he was made to run the gauntlet, and, although he succeeded in reaching the council house, where Cochran was, he was so terribly beaten, disfigured and mutilated that he could not be recognized by his old acquaintances, and so stunned and stupefied that he remained nearly all night in a state of insensibility.

Being somewhat revived in the morning, he approached Cochran, sitting by the fire, who asked him if

his name was not James Washburn. The joy of the latter was unbounded, at thus unexpectedly meeting with a friend, and he was at once animated with a strong feeling of hope. This sensation was, however, soon extinguished in the poor fellow's breast; in a few moments, he was again led forth, and the barbarities of the preceding night were continued. He was too much enfeebled and exhausted to save himself from the sticks and clubs even of the old men and women, who followed with the more active, and the severest blows were inflicted. He was frequently beaten to the ground, when, invigorated by the extremity of anguish, he would rise to his feet and stagger forward. Thus hobbling before his tormentors, with no hope but death, the tendons of his legs were severed by the knife of an old savage, and he sank to the earth, unable to proceed farther. Blows now fairly rained upon him, and while writhing upon the ground, in an agony of torture, his scalp was taken. Struggling to his feet, in the delirium of pain, his head was severed from his body and attached to a pole which was erected in the village.

DAVID MORGAN'S ADVENTURE

Early in the year 1779, a rumor that Indians were lurking in the neighborhood caused the inhabitants about Picketts fort to enter it for protection. Many days passed, however, yet no signs of approaching savages were discovered. Spring approached, and, although it was the season when the Indians generally commenced their depredations, it was necessary for the settlers to attend to their farm duties, which they did, during the day, returning to the fort at night. Among those who thus sought shelter was David Morgan (heretofore mentioned – a relative of General Daniel Morgan), who at this time was over sixty years of age. As he was suffering from illness, about the first of April, he sent his two children – Stephen, a youth of sixteen years, and Sarah, a girl of fourteen – to feed the cattle on his farm, which was about a mile distant, on the opposite side of the river. Unknown to their father (who supposed they would return immediately), the children took with them a lunch and resolved to spend the day on the farm, to prepare the ground for watermelons. After feeding the stock, Stephen set to work, his sister helping him in various ways, and occasionally going to the cabin, a short distance west of where they were, to wet some linen which she was bleaching.

After the children had left the fort, Morgan (whose illness increased) went to bed, and, falling asleep, dreamed that he saw Sarah and Stephen, walking about in the yard scalped. This dream caused him an unaccountable feeling of apprenhension, which increased when he learned that quite a long time had elapsed and the children were still absent, and, taking with him his gun he immediately set out for the farm to see what detained them. Ascending a slight eminence which overlooked the field where they were, he rejoiced to see them safe, and merrily talking as they worked. He sat down, unobserved by them, to rest, and, keeping a close watch, he discovered two Indians stealing from the cabin toward them. Fearing that a sudden alarm would cause them to lose their self possession, he called to them, in a cheery tone, and bade them "skip for the fort." Having been trained to obedience, they started instantly, and the Indians, with hideous yells, sprang in pursuit. Morgan, at this juncture, made his presence known to them, and, giving up the chase, they sheltered themselves from his bullets behind intervening trees.

Time enough having elapsed to assure him of the safety of the children, and considering discretion the better part of valor, Morgan commenced a retreat, but found that age and infirmity were telling upon him and he should soon be overtaken. He therefore suddenly wheeled, with the intention of firing, but the savages again sprang behind trees. Morgan secured a like position and watched and waited. One of the Indians stood behind a sapling which was insufficient to cover his body, and he therefore threw himself behind a log at the foot of the tree. This also failed to entirely shelter him, and

Morgan, observing his exposed position, fired, and the ball taking effect, the savage rolled over on his back and stabbed himself twice – being disabled by the shot he desired to cheat his enemy out of the honor of dealing him his deathwound. Having thus rid himself of one of his pursuers, Morgan again commenced his flight, the remaining Indian in close pursuit. The race thus continued for about twenty rods, when, looking over his shoulder, Morgan discovered the Indian almost upon him with his gun raised; as the latter pressed the trigger, Morgan stepped quickly aside and the ball went harmlessly by. Morgan then aimed a blow at his adversary with his gun, and the latter in turn hurled his tomahawk at him, cutting off the little finger of his left hand and knocking his weapon from his grasp. They then closed, and Morgan, being a good wrestler, notwithstanding his age, succeeded in throwing the Indian. He was not strong enough to retain his position, however, and the Indian was soon on top of him, and, with a yell of triumph, commenced feeling for his knife. Fortunately for Morgan, the Indian had been attracted by the bright colors of an apron which he had found in the cabin, and had bound it about his waist, over the knife, and while he was fumbling for it Morgan got one of the Indian's fingers in his mouth. Finally the Indian succeeded in drawing his knife, grasping it near the blade, and as he did so the old man shut his teeth down upon the redskin's finger, which caused him to relax his hold, and Morgan, quickly drawing the knife through his hand, plunged it into his body. Feeling the Indian sink back lifeless in his arms, he released himself and started for the fort. Stephen had in the meantime swam the river, and Morgan overtook Sarah on the bank, in quest of the canoe. Finding it they crossed and entered the fort together.

After relating his adventures, Morgan retired, well-nigh exhausted, and a party of men started out to see if traces of any more could be found. On arriving where the struggle had taken place, the wounded Indian was not to be seen, but they trailed him by the blood which flowed from his side, and presently found him concealed in the branches of a tree. As they approached him, he greeted them appealingly with the salutation, "How do, broder," and surrendered himself into their hands. Then occurred one of those scenes which demonstrate how near akin to the brute creation mankind can appear when controlled by passion – an act as cruel, malignant and unmanly as was ever perpetrated by a savage. They tomahawked and scalped the wounded and defenseless Indian, flayed him and his dead companion, tanned their skins, and converted them into shot pouches and belts.

The above incident took place on that part of Morgan's plantation which is a short distance northeast of the residence of the late George P. Morgan. David's cabin stood near where the burying ground of the Morgan family is now situated, and his remains, with those of his family, rest within the enclosure.

About two months after this occurrence (June, 1779), as John Owens, John Juggins and Owen Owens were going to their cornfield, on Booths creek, they were attacked by Indians, who killed and scalped the former two, but the latter escaped. A son of John Owens, who had been sent to the pasture for the horses, heard the report of the gun, and came riding along on one horse, leading the other, eager to learn the cause of the firing. He found out very suddenly, as the first intimation he received of the presence of the Indians was the whistling of the bullets that fortunately passed close by without hitting him, and, urging his horse forward, he escaped.

A WOMAN'S HEROIC ACTION

The alarm which had caused the people in the neighborhood of Picketts fort to move into it for safety, in the spring of 1779, induced two or three families to collect at the house of Mr. Bozarth, on Dunkards creek. About the first of April, when only Mrs. Bozarth and two men were in the house, the children, who had been at play, came running into the yard, declaring that "some ugly red men were coming." One of the men, going to the door to ascertain the

truth, received a glancing shot on the breast which caused him to fall back, and the Indian who had fired sprang in, and being grappled by the other white man, was thrown upon the bed. The savage's antagonist having no weapon, called to Mrs. Bozarth for a knife; not finding one, she seized an ax, and with one blow, brained the prostrate Indian. At this time, a second savage entered the door and shot dead the white man who had just been having the encounter on the bed. With a well directed blow, Mrs. Bozarth disabled him; he bawled for help, and others of the party who were engaged in securing the children in the yard, came to his relief. The first who thrust his head in had it cleft by the ax in the hands of Mrs. B., and he fell lifeless to the ground. Another catching hold of his wounded companion, drew him out of the house, when Mrs. B., with the aid of the white man who had first been shot (and had somewhat recovered), succeeded in closing and barring the door. The children in the yard were all killed; but the heroic exertions of Mrs. Bozarth and the wounded white man, enabled them to resist the repeated attempts of the Indians to force open the door, until a party from the neighboring settlement came to their relief.

DEATH OF NATHANIEL DAVISSON

In September of this year, Nathaniel Davisson and his brother being on a hunting expedition up Ten-Mile creek, left their camp early on the morning of the day on which they intended to return home, and, naming an hour at which they would be back, proceeded through the woods in different directions. At the appointed time, Josiah entered the camp, and, after waiting in vain for the arrival of his brother, became uneasy and set out in search of him. Unable to get trace of him, he returned home and got many of his neighbors to join him in a more extended search, which was alike unavailing. In the following March, however, his body was found by John Read, while hunting in the neighborhood; he had been shot and scalped by the Indians.

ATTACK UPON SAMUEL COTTRAIL

The last mischief that was done during the fall of this year, in this neighborhood, was perpetrated at the house of Samuel Cottrail, near the present town of Clarksburg. During the night considerable fear was excited (both at Cottrail's and at Sotha Hickman's, on the opposite side of Elk creek, by the continued barking of the dogs), that the Indinas were lurking near, and Cottrail securely fastened the doors, giving instructions that no one was to pass out of the house in the morning until it was ascertained that no danger threatened. Some time before day (Cottrail being asleep), Moses Coleman, who lived with him, got up, shelled some corn, and, giving a few ears to Cottrail's nephew (with directions to feed the pigs around the yard), went to a hand-mill, in the outhouse, and commenced grinding. The little boy, being squatted down, shelling the corn to the pigs, found himself suddenly drawn on his back and an Indian standing over him, ordering him to lie there. The savage then turned toward the house where Coleman was and fired, and as Coleman fell, ran up to scalp him. Thinking this his favorable opportunity, the boy sprang to his feet, and, running to the house, was admitted. Scarcely was the door secured, when another Indian came up and endeavored to break it open with his tomahawk; Cottrail fired through the door at him, and he fled. Cottrail then ascended to the loft, and through a crevice espied the savages retreating through a field, so far distant that it was impossible to reach them with a rifle-ball. He continued to fire and halloo, however, in order to give notice of danger to his neighbors.

DISASTROUS ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS

Early in March, 1780, Thomas Lackey, discovered signs of Indians near the upper extremity of Tygarts valley, and hastened to inform the inmates of Haddens fort; being so early in the season, however, and the weather cold, none believed or heeded

it. On the next day, as Jacob and William Warwick, and others from Greenbrier, were about leaving the fort for their homes, it was agreed that a company of men should attend them a short distance as a matter of what was deemed by many an act of unnecessary precaution. Proceeding carelessly on their way, they were attacked by a party of Indians lying in ambush, when the men on horseback got safely off, but those on foot were less fortunate. The savages having occupied the pass above and below, those unmounted had no chance to escape but in crossing the river and ascending a steep bluff on its opposite side; in attempting this, John McLain, James Ralston and John Nelson were killed, after a brave resistance, and James Crouch was badly wounded, but escaped. Soon after this, the wife of John Gibson was killed, and their children taken prisoners.

SIEGE OF WESTS FORT– INDIANS REPULSED

About this time Wests fort, on Hackers creek, was visited by the savages, and the inmates being too weak in numbers to successfully resist an attack, were reduced to despair, when Jesse Hughes resolved at great risk to go for assistance. Leaving the fort at night, he cautiously found his way past the sentinels, and ran with all speed to Buchannon fort, where he raised a party of volunteers who hastened to the rescue. Arriving before day, the Indians retreated at their approach, and the whole party proceeded in safety to Buchannon fort.

Two days afterward, as Jeremiah Curl, Henry Fink and Edmund West (who were all old men), and Alexander West, Peter Cutright and Simon Schoolcraft, were returning to the fort with some property which they were securing for a neighbor, they were fired upon by the Indians, who were concealed along the bank of a run. Curl was slightly wounded, but disdaining to retreat, he called out to his companions, "Stand your ground, we can whip them." At this instant, a powerful warrior rushed at him with upraised tomahawk, and Curl fearlessly raised his gun, but the powder being wet from the blood of his wound, it would not explode; grasping West's gun he discharged it as his assailant and brought him to the ground. The Indians then divided into two parties, and were pursued by the whites, when they hid behind trees. Alexander West shot and badly wounded one of the savages, but he was helped off by his companions. Simon Schoolcraft received a shot through his arm which would have penetrated his body had it not struck his steel tobacco box in his waistcoat pocket. Cutright espied a savage partly exposed behind a log, and with steady nerve, fired upon and severely wounded him. The balance of the Indians continued behind trees until reinforcements coming to aid the whites, they fled, and as night had by this time approached, they were not pursued. In the morning, a company of fifteen men followed their trail, and, overtaking them, secured a number of horses and a large amount of plunder which they had stolen. In the encounter John Cutright was slightly wounded.

ABANDONMENT OF BUCHANNON FORT

On the 8th of March, as William White and Timothy Dorman and his wife were going to Buchannon fort, and had come within sight of it, they were fired at by the Indians, when the former was killed, and the latter two taken prisoners. The inmates of the fort heard the firing, but could not render assistance in time, as the river lay between. The loss of West was greatly mourned, as he was one of the ablest and most active of the rangers. A consultation was held, and it was resolved to abandon the fort on account of its exposed position.

While some of the inhabitants of the neighborhood were engaged in moving their property to a fort in Tygarts valley, and to Nutters fort and Clarksburg, they were attacked by a party of savages, and Michael Hoyle and Elias Paynter fell; John Bush had his horse shot from under him, but he extricated himself and succeeded in escaping; a youth named Edward Tanner was taken prisoner.

Soon after these occurrences, a party of about thirty savages, headed by the infamous Timothy Dorman (who had turned traitor to the whites after being taken prisoner), came to attack Buchannon fort; they were too late, however, to accomplish their bloody purpose, as the settlement was deserted, and the inhabitants safe within the walls of other fortresses.

A few days after the evacuation of the fort, some of its former inmates went from Clarksburg to Buckhannon for grain that had been left there. When they came in sight, they found a heap of ashes where the old fort had been, which convinced them of the recent presence of Indians, but they continued to collect grain, and at night went to a house near the site of the fort, where they took up their quarters. In the morning early, a party of savages was seen crossing the river, with Dorman at their head, when the whites, thinking to impress the enemy with an exaggerated idea of their strength, made a hurried advance toward them and they took to the woods. The whites then entered the house and fortified it as best they could and at night George Jackson undertook the hazardous task of going to Clarksburg for reinforcement, which he successfully accomplished, and the party returned home with their grain.

Discouraged in not being able to accomplish anything here, the savages went on to the valley, where they met John Bush and wife, Jacob Stalnaker and his son Adam; the latter fell at the first fire, but the balance providentially escaped. The Indians then crossed the Allegheny mountains, and made an attack upon Mr. Gregg, Dorman's former master. The family all escaped but the daughter, who was taken prisoner; refusing to accompany Dorman, the heartless wretch sunk his tomahawk into her head, and then scalped her.

MASSACRE OF THE THOMAS FAMILY

Early in the month of March, 1781, a party of Indians made a raid upon the settlements along the Monongahela, and on the night of the 5th arrived at the house of Capt. John Thomas, on Booths creek, near the site of the present town of Boothsville. Elizabeth Juggins (daughter of John Juggins, whose murder has been previously mentioned) was visiting at the house at this time. When the Indians arrived, the inmates were engaged in family devotions, and Capt. Thomas was in the act of repeating the lines of the hymn, "Go, worship at Emanuel's feet." A gun was fired from without, and he fell, when the Indians forced open the door, and commenced the most dreadful tragedy that had as yet been enacted in that neighborhood.

Mrs. Thomas implored mercy for herself and children in vain; she was answered with a blow from the tomahawk in the hands of a brawny warrior, and in a short space of time her body and those of six of her children lay weltering in their blood around that of her husband. The savages then proceeded to scalp their victims, and, after plundering the house, took their departure, accompanied by one little boy as prisoner.

As soon as she saw Capt. Thomas fall, Miss Juggins threw herself under the bed, where she remained hidden during the fearful occurrence. When the savages had gone, she came out from her hiding place and found Mrs. Thomas alive, though unable to move. She asked Miss Juggins to hand her the body of her murdered infant, and begged her not to leave her, but the young lady, anxious for her own safety, took refuge for the balance of the night between two logs. In the morning she spread the alarm among the neighbors, who hastened to the scene, and found the body of Mrs. Thomas lying in the yard, whiter she had crawled and died during the night. The Indians had evidently made the place a second visit, for all that remained of the house and bodies was a heap of ashes and charred bones. After this massacre, the settlement on Booths creek was abandoned, and the settlers went to Simpsons creek for greater security.

DEATH OF A PARTY OF INDIANS DEATH OF CHARLES WASHBURN

In the month of April, 1782, as some men were returning to Cheat

river from Clarksburg (where they had been to obtain certificates of settlement rights to their lands, from the commissioners), they encountered a large party of Indians, after crossing the Valley river, and three of the whites were killed; the balance fled back to Clarksburg and gave the alarm. This was quickly communicated to the other settlements, and spies were sent out to watch for the enemy. The savages were discovered by some of these on West fork, at the mouth of Isaacs creek, and intelligence was immediately carried to the forts. Col. William Lowther collected a company of men, and going in pursiut, came within view of their encampment, just before night, on a branch of Hughes river, ever since known as Indian creek. Jesse and Elias Hughes (active and intrepid men) were left to watch the movements of the savages, while the balance retired a short distance to refresh themselves, and prepare for an attack in the morning.

Before day, Col. Lowther arranged his men in order of attack, and when it became light (a preconcerted signal having been given), a general fire was poured in upon the enemy. Five of the savages fell dead, leaving all their plunder and ammunition, and all their guns excepting one. A number of captives were thus released, but one (a son of Alexander Rony) was unfortunately killed by the fire of the whites. Deeming it imprudent to follow, Col. Lowther and party buried young Rony, and securing the horses, plunder, ammunition, etc., of the savages, returned home.

In June, some Indians came into the neighborhood of Clarksburg, and one of them (more venturesome than the rest) entered the town and shot Charles Washburn, who was chopping wood in his lot. Then rushing up, he severed his skull with the ax, took his scalp and escaped. Three of Washburn's brothers had previously been murdered by the savages.

ATTACK UPON THE CUNNINGHAM FAMILY

Among the settlers who came into this vicinity from 1780 to 1785, were David Evans, two families named Witeman, Henry Leeper, Benjamin Veach, the Halberts and others. The first three settled in the vicinity of Yellow Rockford, on the West fork; Veach settled upon a farm a short distance west of Fairmont. Jonathan Nixon (from whom those of the same family name in this section descended) located, about this time, near Boothsville. Many other families came into this neighborhood, immediately following the close of the Revolutionary war, until it became quite well populated, and no serious Indian depredations occurred here until 1785.

During this year, six Indians came upon the farm of Thomas and Edward Cunnigham, on Bingamon creek, which empties into the West fork a short distance above Worthington, Marion county. The two brothers lived, with their respective families, in two separate houses which nearly adjoined each other. Thomas was east of the mountains on a trading expedition at this time and his wife and four children were engaged in eating dinner, as were also Edward and his family, in their house. Suddenly, an Indian entered the former house, and closed the door behind him. Edward, from his cabin, observed this proceeding, and, after fastening his own door, stepped to a small window in the wall next to the other house, and stood ready to fire the moment that he caught sight of the Indian. The savage, however, saw the movement, and fired at him, without effect. The moment that he discovered that he had missed his mark, the redskin seized an ax and commenced cutting his way out of the back wall of the house, to avoid exposing himself to a fire from the other building. Another Indian at this time coming into the yard, Edward fired at and wounded him.

In the meantime, Mrs. Cunningham and her children, who were in the house with the Indian, remained perfectly quiet, hoping that he would retire without molesting them. In this she was doomed to disappointment. Having finished the opening, the savage approached the frightened group, and, sinking his tomahawk into the brains of one of the children,

threw the body into the yard and ordered Mrs. Cunningham to follow. She obeyed, holding one infant in her arms, the other two screaming and clinging to her.

After setting fire to the house, the Indian retired with his prisoners to an eminence in the adjoining field, where two of his bretheren were caring for the one who was wounded. Two others were in the yard watching for the oepining of the door of Edward's house, when the fire should drive the family from their shelter. When his cabin caught fire, however, from the other burning building, Edward and his son ascended to the loft, and, throwing off the loose boards which formed the foof, extinguished the flames, the savages, in the meantime, making an ineffectual attempt to shot them.

The Indians finally abandoned, for a time, their designs against Edward and his family, and made preparations for departure. They first tomahawded and scalped the remaining son of Mrs. Cunningham, and sank a hatchet into the head of her little daughter, whom they then took by the legs, and beat her brains out against a tree. Mrs. Cunningham and her babe were carried off into captivity. Crossing at Bingamon creek, the Indians concealed themselves in a cave until nightfall, when they returned to Edward Cunningham's and, finding no one there, they plundered and set fire to the house.

Fearing that the Indians would renew the attack, Edward and his family had sought shelter in the woods, where they remained all night, the nearest settlement being eight miles distant. As soon as morning dawned, they proceeded to the nearest house and gave the alarm, when a company was formed to go in pursuit of the Indians. After burying the bodies of the murdered children, a search was instituted, but the wiley foe had so covered up their retreat that no traces could be found of them. It was afterward proven that the Indians were in the cave, before mentioned, when the party in pursuit were so close that the prisoner (Mrs. Cunningham) heard their voices; when they afterward thought to search this place, the savages had taken their departure.

The sufferings of Mrs. Cunningham, in her rapid journey afoot to the Indian towns, were beyond description. Her babe was killed, soon after starting, and to the most intense anguish of mind was added all the bodily sufferings that could possibly be endured. On arriving at their place of destination, it became apparent to her that she was to suffer death by the most cruel torture, and, Simon Girty arriving in the village, she plead to him in so earnest a manner for deliverance, that the stony heart of this white savage was for once touched to such a degree that he paid her ransom. She was conducted to a station in Kentucky, whence, having been furnished with a horse, she found her way home, after experiencing many hardships. The joy of finally meeting her husband was veiled with bitter grief in the memory of the cruel fate of their children.

OTHER INDIAN ATROCITIES

In the fall of 1786, John Ice and James Snodgrass left home to look for some horses they had lost while hunting buffalo on Fishing creek. They were killed and scalped by a party of Indians, and their remains were found several days afterward.

Soon after this occurrence, a party of Indians in passing Buffalo Creek, came suddenly upon Mrs. Dragoo and her son in a cornfield, took them prisoners, and then laid in ambush beside the path leading to the house in anticipation of the approach of others. Uneasy at the detention of Mrs. Dragoo and her son, Nicholas Wood and Jacob Straight came out to learn the cause, and were fired upon, the former being killed, and the later, after a short chase, captured. The savages then started in pursuit of Mrs. Straight and her daughter, but hearing the firing, they had so effectually concealed themselves that the Indians failed to find them. Before taking their departure, Straight was killed and scalped.

Placing Mrs. Dragoo upon a horse, they started with her and her son for the Indian towns. Soon after starting,

the horse upon which she was riding slipped and fell, and Mrs. Dragoo's limb was broken. This unfortunate accident cost the woman her life, for the Indians immediately tomahawked and scalped her. Her son William (a lad of about seven years of age) reached the Indian town and remained a captive for many years. Soon after the war with the savages had ceased, Dragoo's brother started from home to see if he could gain tidings of him, and found him, after a diligent search, among the Indians in northwestern Ohio. He had married an Indian girl (who had recently died), by whom he had four children. He would not return with his brother, but, according to his promise, he soon afterward came to Buffalo creek, bringing two of his boys with him. Here he remained, and his children received as good an education as the common schools of that time afforded.

ONE OF LEVI MORGAN'S ADVENTURES

In the year 1787, some Indians again visited the settlement on Buffalo creek near the present town of Farmington, and came upon Levi Morgan, who was a short distance from home, engaged in skinning a wolf which he had just caught in a trap. On looking up from his occupation, he observed three savages coming toward him, one of them being mounted upon a horse which he recognized as belonging to a neighbor. Seizing his gun, he sprang behind a rock, near by, and as he did so, the Indians took refuge behind trees. Looking out from his shelter he found one of the savages exposed, and firing, with a quick aim, killed him. Attempting to reload, he found his powder gone, and took to flight. One of the remaining Indians started in pursuit, and then ensued an exciting chase. Although Morgan was a fleet runner, his pursuer gained upon him, notwithstanding the fugitive divested himself of gun and coat. His chances for saving his scalp were becoming desperate, when the natural shrewdness of the backwoodsman came to his rescue. Arriving at the summit of a hill, he stopped short, and, waving his arms in a frantic manner, shouted, "This way – make haste! There is only one of them!" The Indian, naturally supposing that Morgan had met some of his friends on the other side of the hill turned and made a hasty retreat, his speed accelerated by the quick-witted Morgan, who enjoying the situation, gave chase for a short distance, leading his imaginary recruits with urgent shouts. He took pains, however, to allow the savage to gain upon him, and when out of sight he returned home.

Morgan afterward attended the treaty of peace at Auglaize, and met this Indian, in whose hands he recognized his gun. He took great delight in relating to the savage how he had out-generaled him, and proposed a friendly race to decide the ownership of the gun. The proposition was accepted, and the Indian was beaten. Good-humoredly passing over the weapon, he rubbed his limbs exclaiming, "Stiff and old!"

A FATAL ERROR–MURDER OF WILLIAM JOHNSON'S CHILDREN

In September, 1787, a party of Indians was discovered in the act of catching some horses on the West Fork, above Clarksburg, and a company of men, led on by Colonel Lowther, went immediately in pursuit of them. On the third night the pursued and the pursuing parties, unknown to each other, encamped not far apart, and early in the morning, the fires of the former being discovered by Elias Hughes, the detachment which accompanied him fired upon the Indian camp, and one of the savages fell. The remainder taking to flight, one of them passed near where Colonel Lowther and the balance of the party were; the colonel fired at him as he ran and he fell dead. The horses and plunder which had been taken by the savages were then collected by the whites and they commenced their return home, with too much confidence in their security. They had not proceeded far when two shots were unexpectedly fired at them, one of which took effect upon John Bonnet, who died before reaching home.

In August, 1789, five Indians, on their way to the settlements on the waters of the Monongahela, met with two men on Middle Island creek, and killed them. Taking their horses, they continued on their route until they came to the house of William Johnson, took Mrs. Johnson and her children prisoners, plundreed the house, killed part of the stock, and taking with them one of Johnson's horses, returned towards the Ohio river. At the time the Indians had arrived at the house, Johnson had gone to a lick not far off, and, upon his return in the morning, seeing what had been done, and searching until he had found the trail of the savages and their prisoners, he ran to Clarksburg for assistance. A company of men repaired with him immediately to where he had discovered the trail, and keeping it about a mile, four of the children lying dead in the woods. The savages had tomahawked and scalped them, and placing their heads close together, turned thier bodies and feet straight out, so as to represent a cross. The fate of Mrs. Johnson is unknown.

In the spring of 1790, the neighborhood of Clarksburg was again visited by Indians in quest of plunder, who carried off several horses. They were discovered and pursued to the Ohio river, when the pursuers, being reinforced, determined to follow on over into the Indian country. Crossing the river, and ascending the Hockhocking, near the falls they came upon the camp of the savages. The whites, taking them by surprise, opened fire, which killed one and wounded others, and the remainder fled, leaving the horses in the camp. These were brought back and restored to their owners.

THE FATE OF JOHN M'INTIRE AND WIFE

As John McIntire and his wife were returning home from a visit to a neighbor, in May, 1791, they passed through the yard of Uriah Ashcraft. Soon afterward, Mr. Ashcraft was startled by the growling of one of his dogs, and hastening to the door, he espied an Indian. Closing the door, he ascended the stairs and endeavored to shoot the savage from a window, but his gun snapped. Observing other Indians close at hand, he shouted for help and they retreated. Three of McIntire's brothers coming up, Ashcraft explained the situation and the four started off in pursuit. About a mile from the house, they found the body of John McIntire, who had been killed and scalped. Concluding that Mrs. McIntire (whom they knew to have been with him) was taken prisoner, they sent to Clarksburg for assistance to go to her rescue.

A company of eleven men started shortly afterward, in pursuit of the Indians, led by Colonels George Jackson and John Haymond, who traced them as far as Middle Island creek. Here six men – William Haymond (of Palatine), George Jackson, Benjamin Robinson, N. Carpenter, John Haymond and John Halbert – were chosen to go ahead of the horses and follow the trail. They soon came upon the savages and attacked them, mortally wounding one of them. After a short encounter the Indians fled, leaving their plunder behind them, and farther pursuit was abandoned. Among the articles which they left was the scalp of Mrs. McIntire, whose body was afterward found near that of her husband.

ATTACK ON CAPT. NICHOLAS CARPENTER AND PARTY

Nicholas Carpenter, who was a member of the first county court of Harrison county, in 1784, was a man of exemplary character, firm courage and sound judgment, and in looking over the old county records his name will be found frequently mentioned in connection with positions of trust. He was one of those men who seemed to be especially provided by Providence for the good of these pioneer communities, one hundred years ago, but his final fate was a sad one.

It was during the month of September, 1791, that a party of Indians crossed the Ohio, and captured a bright mulatto boy named Frank Wycoff, belonging to Captain Neal, of Neals Station, near the mouth of Little Kanawha. Proceeding on their way towards West Fork river, they came across the trail made by Captain Nicholas Carpenter, of

Harrison county, in driving cattle to Marietta. Supposing it to be the trail of emigrants, they followed it. Captain Carpenter and his son, with five persons accompanying them, had crossed Bull creek and encamped on a run located half a mile from the Ohio river, six miles above Marietta, which has since been called "Carpenters run." Being unsuspicious of the vicinity of the enemy, they lay down with their feet to the fire, not deeming it necessary to have one of their number as guard. At day-dawn Mr. Carpenter called up the men and was about commencing the usual morning devotions, when the Indians made the attack, and, taking them wholly by surprise, without having their fire-arms at hand, they were enabled to make little successful resistance. After firing a volley the Indians rushed upon them with the tomahawk. One of the party was killed at the first fire (Ellis, from Greenbrier county), and one (John Paul) was wounded through the hand. One of the party, named Hughes, a skilled hunter and experienced with former encounters with the savages, seized Carpenter's rifle and his own, and sprang through the woods, followed by the Indians. He fired one of the guns at his pursuers and threw it away. He was but partly dressed; his long leggins, fastened only by the belt at the top and loose below, greatly impeded his flight, and he found it necessary to stop for a moment and tear them off. This delay nearly cost him his life, as his pursuer, approaching within a few feet of him, threw his tomahawk with such accuracy as to graze his head. Freed from the incumbrance of his leggins, he soon left the foe far in the rear. John Paul also escaped by running. Burns, being slow of foot, after a brave resistance, with only his jack-knife for a weapon, was killed and scalped. George Legit was pursued for over two miles, when he was overtaken and killed. Mr. Carpenter was a brave man, but being without means of defense, and unable to run, owing to lameness, he concealed himself among the willows in the bed of the run with his little son. They were both soon found and killed. Previous to commencing the attack, the Indians had secured their captive, Frank, by leathern thongs to a stout sapling on an adjacent ridge. By great effort he released himself and hid. From his place of concealment he witnessed the escape of Hughes, and finally stealing away, returned to his master. After the affray was ended, the Indians (who were in command of the celebrated chief, Tecumseh, then a young man), collected the plunder of the camp, and retreated in such haste that they left all the horses, which had probably dispersed into the woods at the first sound of attack. Isaac Williams headed a party and made pursuit after them, but failing to overtake them, the party returned and buried the remains of Captain Carpenter, his son, and the other victims.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JESSE HUGHES

The subject of this sketch was one of those bold pioneers who took a conspicuous part in the defence of the whites on the frontier against the Indians, and gained great celebrity for his courage and shrewdness. He was bred from infancy in the hot-bed of Indian warfare, and resided at Clarksburg. He was a light-built spare man, and became one of the most experienced backwoodsmen and Indian fighters of his day.

About the year 1790, some Indians one night, coming secretly upon the settlement at Clarksburg, stole some horses, and the next morning at daylight a party of twenty-five men, starting in pursuit, came upon the trail, and judged, by the appearances, there were only eight or ten of them. The captain and a majority were in favor of pursuing the trail, but Hughes was opposed to this, and advised them to let him pilot them by a near way to the Ohio, and intercept the Indians in their retreat. They would not listen to him, and he explained the danger of following the trail and exposing themselves to an ambush of the savages, who might thereby, after a destructive fire upon their pursuers, make their escape. The captain, jealous of Hughes' influence, broke up the council by exclaiming,

"All the men may follow me; let the cowards go home," and dashed off at full speed. Hughes felt the insult, but followed with the others, and the result proved as he predicted. Two Indians in ambush, on the top of a cliff, fired and mortally wounded two of the party, while passing through a ravine, and then escaped. Now convinced of their error, they placed themselves under Hughes, but upon reaching the Ohio river, they found that the savages had crossed it. Hughes then got satisfaction of the captain by declaring that he would see who the cowards were, and calling for volunteers to follow him across the river in pursuit, they all refused. He then said he would go alone, and leave his scalp or bring one back with him. Alone he crossed the river, and the next morning came upon their camp when they were all absent hunting, except one Indian, who was left on guard. It was the work of a moment to shoot him, and with the scalp as trophy, he soon found his way back home, through seventy miles of wilderness.

At one time, when the frequent incursions of the Indians rendered it a season of great danger, and when the inhabitants of the neighborhood were taking refuge in the forts, Hughes one morning observed a lad seated upon the ground (inside the enclosure which stood in the vicinity of where the fair grounds are now located, on the river, at the western outskirts of Clarksburg), very intently fixing his gun. "Jim," said he, "what are you going to do?" "I am going to shoot a turkey that I hear gobbling over there on the hillside; listen, and you will hear it," replied Jim. "Well," said Hughes, after distinguishing the distant sound, "you stay here; I'll go and kill it." Jim, after considerable persuasion, knowing that Hughes was an expert marksman, consented to remain and let the latter go alone, who, as he departed, promised to present him with the game. Hughes went out of the fort on the side that was farthest from the spot whence the sound proceeded, and took a course up the river, thence through a ravine, and came in on the rear. Creeping softly up as he expected he espied an Indian, seated upon a stump, surrounded by sprouts, gobbling and intensely watching for some one to come from the fort in quest of the supposed turkey. Before the Indian knew of his approach Hughes had shot him, and, taking his scalp went with it to the fort where Jim was waiting for his prize. Seeing no turkey, the lad impatiently exclaimed, "Now, why didn't you let me go; I could have missed it as well as yourself." "Ah, but I didn't miss it," replied Hughes, throwing the scalp into his lap, "there's your gobbler's top knot, my boy." Jim's consternation may be imagined, as he witnessed this tangible proof of his narrow escape from the certain death that would have been his portion, but for the timely interference of this keen back-woodsman.

COL. WILLIAM LOWTHER

Henry, George and William, were the sons of Henry Low, and were English miners; for their superior skill and meritorious service, "ther" was added to their name by royal edict. William had a son Robert, who, with his wife, Aquilla (Rees) Lowther, emigrated to America in 1740, and came to the Hacker Creek settlement in 1767, accompanied by their son William, (the subject of this sketch), who was born in 1742. The latter married Sudna Hughes, (sister of Elias, Jesse, Thomas and Job, of Indian war fame), and settled on Simpsons creek in 1772. Many of their descendants are now living in Clarksburg and the surrounding country.

William Lowther became distinguished as a skilled and courageous frontiersman, and for his unselfish devotion to the good of the colonists. The population of these frontier settlements increased so rapidly, and to such an extent that the supply of provisions proved insufficient, and the year 1773 was called, in the early traditions of the section, "the starving year." Such were the exertions of William Lowther to mitigate the sufferings of the people, and so great was his success, that his name is transmitted to their descendants hallowed by their blessings. During the war of 1774,

and subsequently, he was the most active and efficient defender of the settlements in that vicinity against the savage foe, and many a successful expedition against them was commanded by him. He was one of the first justices of the peace in Harrison county, also the first sheriff of Harrison and Wood counties, and a delegate to the general assembly of the State. He also attained all the subordinate ranks in military service until promoted to that of colonel, and by his unassuming good qualities endeared himself to all with whom he became associated. He died October 28th, 1814.

CAPTURE OF LEONARD PETRO AND WILLIAM WHITE

Previous to 1777, the inhabitants of Tygarts valley had escaped the ill-effects of the enmity of the savages, they having made no incursions into that country since its permanent settlement had been effected, previous to the war of 1774. Notwithstanding this, the settlers exercised the utmost vigilance, not knowing at what time they might be called upon to protect themselves. Spies (or rangers) were continually employed to watch the Indian paths beyond the settlements for evidence of their approach, and if found to notify the inhabitants.

In September, 1777, Leonard Petro and William White, being engaged in watching the path leading up the Little Kanawha, killed a deer late in the evening, and taking a part of it with them, withdrew a short distance for the purpose of eating their suppers and spending the night. Awaking about midnight, White discovered, by the light of the moon, that they were surrounded by Indians. Seeing the impossibility of escape, and preferring captivity to death, he whispered to Petro to lie still. The Indians sprang upon them, and White, raising himself as one lay hold of him, aimed a blow with his tomahawk, suddenly concluding that he could escape if he succeeded in disabling his assailant. Missing his aim, he affected to have been ignorant of the fact that he was encountered by Indians, professed great joy at meeting with them, and declared that he was on his way to their towns. They were not deceived by the artifice, for, although he assumed an air of carelessness and gaiety that was calculated to win their confidence, yet the rueful countenance of poor Petro convinced them that White's conduct was feigned. They were therefore both tied for the night, and in the morning, White being painted red, and Petro black, they were forced to proceed to the Indian towns. When approaching a village, the whoop of success brought several to meet them, and on their arrival, they found that every preparation was made for their running the gauntlet, in going through which ceremony both were much bruised. White, however, did not remain long in captivity. Eluding their vigilance, he took one of their guns and began his flight homeward. Before traveling far, he met an Indian on horseback, whom he shot, and, mounting the horse from which he fell, he succeeded in returning to the valley without further adventure. Petro was never afterward heard from. In painting his body black, they had indicated their intention of killing him, and such, undoubtedly, was his fate.

The settlements generally enjoyed perfect quiet from the first appearance of winter until the return of spring. In this interval of time, the Indians were generally deterred from continuing their marauding expeditions, not only because of the increased danger of discovery, caused by the absence of foliage on the trees and shrubbery, and the ease with which they could be tracked in the snow, but on account of the suffering produced by their lying in wait and traveling in their partially unclothed condition, during this season of frequent intense cold. In consequence of this fact, the inhabitants greatly relaxed their vigilance at this season, and when, as upon rare occasions, the Indians did make inroads upon them, they would be taken by surprise.

SETTLEMENT AT NEAL STATION

The first settler, probably, in Wood county was Captain James Neal, who had been a citizen of Greene county, in that portion of Pennsylvania which had been supposed to have belonged to the colony of Virginia. He had served in the Continental army as captain in the Revolutionary war, and, upon receiving his discharge, had been paid for his services in the Continental currency. In the spring of 1783, he came to this section as deputy surveyor for Samuel Hanway, surveyor of the county of Monongalia, which at that time included a large extent of country. He surveyed, for Alexander Parker, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, the tomahawk entry and pre-emption right made by Robert Thornton, which Mr. Parker had purchased, of the lands on which the city of Parkersburg now stands. Captain Neal was of Irish descent; this original name was O'Neal, and for some reason, at the commencement of his services in the Continental army, he changed it to that of Neal.

In the fall of 1785, before any permanent settlements were made in the county, Capt. James Neal, with a party of men, descended the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, with the intention of proceeding to Kentucky. Arriving at the mouth of the Little Kanawha river, they ascended it for a short distance, and liking the location, encamped on the south side, about a mile from its mouth where they remained. During the following winter they erected a block-house there which was afterward known in history as Neals Station. Between that date and 1796, several block-houses were erected in this section and in Washington county, on the opposite side of the Ohio. These houses became the rendezvous of the few inhabitants who had settled here, while the war with the Indians was in progress. The lands around Neals Station were afterward named "Monroe," in honor to James Monroe, then governor of Virginia, by Hugh Phelps, son-in-law of Capt. James Neal.

Early in the winter of 1784-5 had occurred the death of Mr. Neal's first wife, who was a daughter of Col. John Harden of Kentucky. By this marriage he was the father of three sons – Henry, John and James Harden – and three daughters – Hannah (who married Col. Hugh Phelps), Nancy (who married Dr. Rowell), and Catherine (who married Joseph McCoy). After clearing some land and making other improvements, in the spring of 1786 he returned to Greene county, and in the summer of that year, married his second wife, Mary Phelps, a sister of his son-in-law, Col. Hugh Phelps. Early in the spring of 1787, with his family and all his children (both single and married), he moved to the station, and they became permanent settlers. He afterward held the office of justice of the peace, was commissioned captain of the Frontier Rangers, and appointed to many positions of honor and trust. He died at his residence at Neal Station, in February, 1822, in his 85th year, and his remains were buried in what is now known as Tavenner's grave yard.

January 16, 1791, his daughter Mary was born, who was among the first white children born between Grave creek and Point Pleasant, in this State. March 25, 1811, she married Scarlet G. Foley, and became the mother of a large family of children. She died at her home on the place which her father had given her, two and one-half miles south of Parkersburg, September 1, 1870, in the eighteenth year of her age.

MR WOODS' TWO BOYS KILLED

In August, 1790, a party of Indians crossed the Ohio river a short distance below Parkersburg for the purpose of destroying Neals Station, and capturing its inmates. While they were secreted in ambush a short distance up the run from the station, in the evening, two of Mr. Woods' boys, who lived in a small cabin about forty rods above the block-house (aged twelve and fifteen years), were returning home from a Saturday afternoon visit to the station. They went into the edge of the woods, on the outside of a cornfield, to look for the cows, and coming upon the Indians in their

hiding-place, about dusk, they were seized and killed with the use of the tomahawk. The Indians were fearful that the screams the boys uttered before they were dispatched, would lead to their discovery, and they therefore gave up the main object of the expedition. They waited, however, until midnight, and attempted to set fire to the block-house by inclosing a brand of fire in dry poplar bark and pushing it through a porthole. It was discovered, however, and extinguished by Mrs. Neal, who gave the alarm, and pursuit was made as quickly as possible, without avail. The distracted parents of the children, as their boys did not make their appearance, dreaded the revelations which the appearance of daylight would disclose. Their worst apprehensions were realized by the discovery of the two scalped bodies in the morning.

MR. HEWETT TAKEN PRISONER

In May, 1792, while living at Neals Station, Mr. Hewett rose early in the morning, and left the garrison, in search of a stray horse, little expecting any Indians to be near, as none had been seen in the vicinity for some time. While traversing an obscure cattle path, about a mile from the station, three Indians suddenly sprang upon him from behind trees, and being taken unawares, he was obliged to surrender. They crossed the Ohio river below Belleville, and after reaching a locality comparatively safe from pursuit, they halted to hunt and left their prisoner in camp. They had placed him upon his back, confined his wrists with stout thongs of raw-hide, to a sapling, and his legs, raised at a considerable elevation, to another small tree. Using his great strength, he released himself soon after they were gone, and, taking two small pieces of venison, without arms, started for the Big Muskingum settlement. Although pursued by the Indians, he evaded their search, and, after nine days' wandering, came to the garrison at Wolf Creek Mills, on the Big Muskingum, nearly naked and famished. He soon recovered and returned to his family. About the year 1797, he removed, with his family, and settled in the Big Hocking valley, near Athens, Ohio. He was afterwards elected a trustee of Athens college.

KILLING OF HENRY NEAL AND MR. TRIPLETT

In the fall of 1792, Daniel Rowell, a son-in-law of Captain James Neal, and Mr. Neal's son Henry, accompanied by Mr. Triplett, left Neals Station and ascended the Little Kanawha forty miles in a canoe, to the mouth of Burning Springs run, now in Wirt county, on a hunting expedition. The evening on which they landed they prepared a camp, and Mr. Rowell took off the lock of his gun to examine the spring, when they heard what they supposed to be the sound of turkeys on the south side of the stream. Springing into their canoe, and thinking to secure some of them for supper, Mr. Neal and Mr. Triplett stood, while Mr. Rowell sat in the stern and paddled them quickly across. As the canoe struck the shore a fire from Indians in ambush (from whom had emanated the cry of the turkeys) instantly killed Neal and Triplett, whose bodies fell into the river. Mr. Rowell sprang over the stern of the canoe with his gun, and swam to the northern shore amidst a storm of bullets, the Indians pursuing him in the canoe. Upon reaching the shore, to facilitate his escape, he hid his gun (as he afterward said) under a white oak log in the Burning Spring run. From thence he went through a gap for a short distance from the river to elude his pursuers, and, changing his course, recrossed the river by swimming a few miles below where they had been surprised, and found his way to the station. Immediately raising a party, he went in pursuit of the Indians, but without avail, as too long a time had intervened, and they made good their escape. The bodies of Neal and Triplett, which were found in the river unscalped, and probably undiscovered by the Indians, were buried. It is supposed that this was the same party of Indians that was killed at Wheeling, a short time after, as they went in that direction. Daniel

Rowell and his family went from here many years since, and settled in the far west. He died at the residence of his son, Dr. Neal Rowell, in Florence, Alabama, in 1851, aged 93 years. The gun hidden by Mr. Rowell was found, in a state of preservation sufficient for recognition, in 1858 – sixty-seven years afterwards – and the remains of the white oak tree were then to be seen. The muzzle of the gun had become fast in a young dogwood, about six inches above the ground. The stock had decayed, but the barrel, trigger, guard, thimble and brass cover, on which the words "Liberty or Death" were engraved, were forwarded to Dr. Neal Rowell, at Florence, Alabama, in 1859.

THE SETTLEMENT OF BELLEVILLE

There are few if any bottom lands in the Ohio valley that excel in richness those known as Belleville. They are located in the south part of Wood county, extending about five miles along the river, commencing about sixteen miles below Parkersburg, opposite the mouth of Big Hocking river. Lee, the largest creek in the county, and draining its southern portion, divides these lands into nearly equal parts, emptying into the Ohio. When George Washington located his lands, in 1771, he had patented to him a part of this rich bottom. When his survey was made in after years, the back lines, as called for in the patent, passed through the central part, below Lee creek. When the firm of William Tilton & Co., of Philadelphia, in 1782, located and made the entries of their large tracts of land in this county, then Monongalia, amounting to over 90,000 acres, this bottom was included in their survey by a prior patent to that of Washington's.

On a survey of James Craick, the lands were patented by George III., signed by Lord Dunmore, governor of the Colony of Virginia, December 15, 1772, and for the consideration mentioned in a proclamation of Robert Dinwiddie, late lieutenant-governor and commander-in-chief of our colony and dominion of Virginia; said proclamation bearing date February 19, 1754, for encouraging men to enlist in the service of our late royal grandfather, for the defense and security of the said colony." The original parchment patent is now in the possession of D. R. Neal, Esq., of Parkersburg, who owns a part of the land. The tract extends from opposite Hockingport to below Belleville.

In the summer of 1785, Joseph Wood, of New Jersey, afterward known as Judge Wood, of Marietta, became the agent, surveyor, etc., for the colonization and sale of the lands of Tilton, Gibbs & Co., and the large tract at Belleville was selected as the place to commence their settlement. During the fall of that year a suitable boat was built, and under the direction of Mr. Wood, freighted with cattle, farming utensils, etc. Mr. Tilton and Mr. Wood, with four Scotch families as emigrants, and several men hired by the year, left Pittsburg on this boat, November 28, 1785, and stopping at Fort Harmar, at the mouth of the Big Muskingum, on the way, landed at Belleville, December 16th.

Captain Tilton and party having landed and secured their boat against dangers from ice and floods, selected a hard, dry bottom, on the bank of the river, for making a permanent settlement. Clearing was immediately commenced, and from the timber thus obtained a block-house was erected, twenty by forty feet, convenient to the river. It was built in the usual style of block-houses, with loop-holes for muskets. Early in January, 1786, the building was completed, and the entire company moved from the boat and took possession of their future home. A town was then laid out by Mr. Wood, and given the name of Belleville, and its lots were donated to actual settlers. Captain Tilton returned to Philadelphia, in the spring of 1786, leaving the settlement in charge of Mr. Wood, as sole manager and agent. During the first year about 100 acres were cleared, ready for cultivation. Log houses for family residences, and out-houses for stock, were erected

near the block-house, the whole being enclosed by pickets about ten feet high, securely planted in the earth, forming a regular stockade, sufficient to accommodate about 200 persons. It was in the shape of an oblong square, with a river frontage of 300 feet, and running back 100 feet. A wicket gate in front, for access to the river, and a large one at either end for the admission of teams, etc., were built with secure fastenings.

The following are among the names of the Scotch families who first came with Mr. Wood, and those who came the following spring and settled at Belleville: McDonal, Greathouse, Tabor, James Penthewer, William Ingalls, Jemerson, Andrew McCash, and two single men, F. Andrews and Thomas Gilruth. In 1787 they were joined by the following persons: Joel and Joseph Dewey, from Wyoming, Pennsylvania; Stephen Sherrod and family, from the same place; Malcolm Coleman and family, from Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Peter and Andrew Anderson, from above Wheeling, Virginia. Descendants from these last named families are still living in the south part of this county and in Jackson.

In the spring of 1785, a company of trappers and hunters from the vicinity of Wheeling, took possession of an abandoned Indian improvement of twenty acres above the mouth of Lee creek, erected a station house, and cultivated a tract in corn. It was then known as Flinns Station. The company consisted of old Mr. Flinn, a widower, his two sons, Thomas and James, with their families; Mr. Parchment, with wife and two sons, Jacob and John; John McCessack, and John Barnett, who married a daughter of Mr. Flinn. These people, in 1787, moved down to Belleville Station, thus adding strength to the protection against the Indians, who had commenced being troublesome, stealing stock and committing other depredations.

Joseph Wood, the agent of the Tilton lands, married Miss Margaret, a daughter of James Penthewer, one of the first Belleville emigrants, in 1790. There was no one in the settlement authorized to solemnize the rites of matrimony at that time, and they proceeded to "Farmer's Castle," in Belpre, Ohio, where the ceremony was performed by Gen. Benjamin Tupper, a magistrate of that State. Mr. Wood resided in Marietta and vicinity, holding many positions of honor and trust until 1851, when he died, in the ninety-third year of his age.

David Lee, a hunter and trapper, some years prior to 1785, encamped upon the creek which afterward took his name, for the purpose of pursuing his calling. He continued to reside in that vicinity, and married a sister of Peter Anderson; afterward purchased and settled upon a piece of land on Tygart creek, and raised a family of five sons and three daughters. Mr. Lee was a native of Pennsylvania, and during his life here gained a wide reputation as a hunter and trapper. Many of his descendants are now residents of this section of the State.

JAMES KELLEY KILLED AND SON CAPTURED

During the fall of 1791, James Kelley, who, with his family resided at Belleville, while at work in his fields, was shot and scalped by a party of Indians. His oldest son, Joseph, who was with him, was captured and taken off by them to a Shawnee village in Ohio, where he remained until after the treaty of peace in 1795, when he was surrendered to Commander Return J. Meigs, and returned to his widowed mother, then residing at Marietta. He had been adopted by an aged Indian warrior, named Merhalenae (who had lost five sons in battle), and received great kindness at his hands; he had, in fact, become so attached to his foster-father that he parted from him with sorrow. He finally settled in Marietta, raised a large family, and became respected and beloved.

STEPHEN SHERROD TAKEN PRISONER.

Late in the spring of 1792, Stephen Sherrod left the garrison at Belleville, and after feeding his hogs, went into the woods to cut an

ox-gad. While thus engaged, he was surprised and captured by a party of ten Indians and taken away a prisoner. His wife, who was a bold and courageous woman, left the garrison a short time after, to proceed a short distance for the purpose of milking the cow, and was seized by two of the Indians who intended to make her a prisoner also. She resisted, however, with so much force, and screamed so loudly, that they struck her senseless with a blow from the tomahawk, and were about to proceed to scalp her, when a shot from the rifle of Peter Anderson, who had been attracted from the garrison by her cries, wounded the Indian in the arm, causing him to hastily retreat. Joshua Dewey immediately proceeded in a light canoe to Marietta, thirty miles away, returning in forty hours with Dr. Jabez True. Mrs. Sherrod, who was gashed in the head in a shocking manner by the blow from the tomahawk, soon recovered under his treatment. The garrison at this time contained by five men, and it was therefore considered unsafe to pursue this party of Indians. Mr. Sherrod's captors crossed the Ohio on a raft, at the narrows above Belleville Bottom, and proceeded up the valley of the Big Hocking. Five Indians marched before the prisoner and five behind, his hands being tied with thongs of bear-skin, and in this manner he was hurried along until night, when they informed him that they had killed a woman at the garrison. With his hands still tied, they required him to lie down at night upon his back, while they laid slender saplings across him, from head to foot, upon the ends of which they laid down to sleep. As soon as their heavy breathing indicated that they were sleeping soundly, he quietly released his hands, worked himself from under the saplings, and hastened down the valley, wading the river for some distance, and finally crossing it by swimming. Arriving at the Ohio river early the next morning, he hailed the garrison, who at once went to his rescue in a boat.

MILL CREEK TRAGEDY

In the month of February, 1793, a party composed of Malcolm Coleman and his son John, Elijah Pixley and James Ryan, left the garrison at Belleville, on a hunting expedition for the purpose of procuring meat. Descending the Ohio in a pirogue, to the mouth of Mill creek (now in Jackson county), they established a camp upon that stream, about four miles up, where they retreated at night, after spending the day in hunting. Several days were thus passed very pleasantly, and, having good success, the pirogue was soon nearly filled with venison and bear meat. In the meantime, the water in the creeek had fallen so low as to prevent them from getting the boat over the falls, above which they were lying, and the weather, which had been fine, suddenly set in cold, with a light fall of snow. John Coleman and Elijah Pixley returned to the garrison for a supply of flour and salt, and upon the third morning after their departure, Malcolm Coleman arose very early and prepared breakfast, anxiously awaiting their return. While invoking a blessing on their meal, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and a shot passed through his shoulder. Before his thoughts could be collected, the shot was quickly followed by another, which passed through his head, and he fell dead by the side of his companion, James Ryan, who made his escape from the Indians and returned to the garrison. On that day, Joshua Dewey made a journey to the camp, and upon his arrival at the spot, to his horror, found his old friend murdered, scalped and stripped of his clothing, and the camp plundered. Hastening back, he was the first to carry the painful intelligence to the garrison. A party of seven men at once proceeded to the camp in a canoe, but the Indians had taken the pirogue, loaded with the camp equipage, and effected a safe retreat, and after interring the remains of Mr. Coleman on the spot where he fell, they returned. The loss of this active and earnest Christian man was for a long time deeply mourned in the community.

In he summer of 1791, a small garrison of Virginia troops was stationed at Belleville and one at Parkersburg, under the direction of

Col. Clendenin, to aid in the protection of settlers from Indian depredations.

MURDER OF THE FAMILY OF JOHN ARMSTRONG

Mr. Armstrong was a native of Pennsylvania, and moved with his family to Ohio in the autumn of 1793, residing in the block-house of Isaac Barker, a little above the head of Blennerhassett Island. He soon became interested, with Peter Mixner, in the small floating mill which was anchored in the current at the head of the island, near the Virginia shore. For convenience, they concluded to build for each of them a cabin on the Virginia side, a short distance above the mill, and move their families over. This was done, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrance of Mrs. Armstrong, who greatly feared the Indians. The close proximity of the garrison, on the opposite side of the river, and the block-house on the island, a short distance below, was deemed by the men to be a sufficient safeguard. After a time, for some reason, Mixner abandoned his first cabin, leaving it standing, and built another, about one hundred yards above, in the midst of the trees, where he removed his family. There was very little ground yet cleared, but Mr. Armstrong fenced a portion of this, in which he placed a sow and pigs, generally keeping them confined in a pen near the house.

On the night of the 24th of April, 1794, he was awakened by the barking of this faithful watch-dog, and from the fact that a bear had, a few nights before, attempted to carry off a pig, he supposed that the old marauder had returned. Without stopping to clothe himself, he seized his rifle, unbarred the door and rushed to the aid of his dog, which was barking at some object which, owing to the darkness, he failed to recognize. Approaching nearer, he was able to discover three or four Indians, upon whom he instantly fired, rushed back to the house (giving the alarm as he ran), and barred the door. He hastened to the loft where three of the larger children slept (the two smaller ones, with the infant, lodging with himself and wife in the room below). The Indians, with a heavy rail, soon burst open the door and took possession of the house, and Mr. Armstrong, finding that it was impossible to make any successful resistance to protect his family, forced his way through the loose shingles of the roof, and jumping to the ground unseen by the Indians, hastened to the mill, where his two eldest boys, who aided in tending it, were sleeping. While the savages were breaking open the door, Mrs. Armstrong, with her infant in her arms, attempted to escape by climbing out through the low, unfinished chimney, which was made of logs, but, missing her footing, she fell back, breaking her leg in the fall. The Indians immediately tomahawked and scalped her, with the infant and two younger children, and finding in the loft, Jeremiah (about eight years old), John (aged ten), and Elizabeth (a girl of fourteen), they took them away as prisoners.

Mixner, in the meantime, hearing the report of a gun and the noise at Armstrong's cabin, came out to ascertain the cause, and hearing that they were Indians, called up his wife. Mrs. Mixner having been a prisoner among the Wyandots, understood the language, and listening intently to the conversation of the savages, as they stood in the darkness, she heard them speculating as to where the family who had occupied the empty house could be. Mr. Mixner then lost no time in hastening them into his canoe and, paddling out into the river, floated silently by the desolate home of his unfortunate neighbor, undiscovered.

Landing his family on the island, he gave the alarm about the same time that Armstrong did, and early in the moring, as soon as it was light enough to see, a party went to the scene of the past night's adventure and brought the remains across the river and buried them. The noble dog, with his lower jaw nearly severed by a blow from a tomahawk, in his

encounter with an Indian, was found faithfully watching over the dead. A party of twenty men from the island and Farmers Castle, went in pursuit of the Wyandots, whom they afterward ascertained were about twenty in number, and had been out on a marauding expedition in the vicinity of Clarksburg. Their trail was followed to where they raised their sunken canoes, whence they crossed the Ohio to the Big Hocking, up which they pushed their boats for several miles, when they left them and traveled by land. The party in pursuit ascertained by the prints of the children's feet in the mud that they were yet alive, and fearing to jeopardize their lives by following them they returned down the stream in the bark canoes left by the Indians.

The children were adopted into different families, upon their arrival at the Wyandot towns. Jeremiah, the youngest, whose life had been spared at the earnest solicitation of a young warrior of the party, was adopted by the celebrated chief, Crane, who was kind-hearted, and became attached to him. A portion of the time of his captivity was spent where the city of Columbus now stands, which tract was claimed by this tribe. In after years he kept a tavern in that city, and subsequently resided in Havana, Licking county, Ohio. He and John were released at the close of the war, which occurred a little over a year after their capture. Elizabeth, several years afterward, married a man named Dobson, and settled near Malden, Upper Canada.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, THE NOTED SPY AND HUNTER

The pioneers of this section of country were especially noted for their courage, hardihood and generous hospitality. They were ever ready to extend to the traveler a hearty welcome to their rude cabins or their hunter's camps in the forest, and share with them anything which they might contain. Toils, privations and common dangers became a bond of attachment between them.

For the purpose of aiding in the safety and defense of the early settlers, the House of Burgesses of Virginia commissioned a number of rangers or spies, whose duty it was to discover and trace the course of the Indians in their raids, give warning to the settlers, and otherwise aid them, to the best of their ability. Among those thus employed was Isaac Williams, who spent his last years as a citizen of this county. He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, July 16, 1737, and when quite a youth, his parents moved with him to Winchester, Virginia, where he grew up to young manhood, developing fondness and appetite for trapping and hunting. At the age of eighteen, the Colonial government of Virginia appointed him a ranger, to watch the movements of the Indians on the frontier. In this capacity he served the State in the disastrous campaign of Braddock, in 1754. He was also one of the rangers who assisted in guarding the first convoy of provisions and ammunition to Fort Duquesne, after it had been captured by Gen. Forbes, of Pennsylvania, in 1758, who changed its name to Fort Pitt. At that time the western part of the State of Pennsylvania was supposed to belong to the colony of Virginia, but the final completion of the survey of the Mason and Dixon line gave it to that State.

The ten years following were spent by him in hunting and trapping on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and their tributaries. He conducted his parents over the mountains from Winchester, in 1768, and settled them on Buffalo creek, near West Liberty, in what is now Brooke county, West Virginia. He accompanied Ebenezer and Jonathan Zane, in 1769, in their expeditions around Wheeling, Zanesville and other locations west of the mountains, and by other hunting and trapping excursions became thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the Ohio river and its tributaries, and entered several tomahawk rights, which he sold. In 1774, he accompanied Gov. Dunmore, in his expedition against the Shawnees, then at war with the colonies, under the leadership of the great chieftain Cornstalk and was with him when he concluded the treaty of

peace near Chillicothe, after the battle of Point Pleasant, that year, in which the Colonial forces under Gen. Lewis were engaged.

In 1775 he met and married Mrs. Rebecca Martin, at Grave creek, whose former husband had been killed by the Indians on Big Hocking, in 1770. She was the daughter of Joseph Tomlinson, born at Wills creek, on the Potomac, Maryland, February 14, 1754. In 1771 she accompanied her two brothers, Samuel and Joseph, to Grave creek on the Ohio river, and for several years continued as their housekeeper. In 1783 her brothers, while engaged in trapping near the mouth of the Big Muskgum, preempted for her 400 acres of land on the opposite side of the Ohio, in Virginia, and cleared four acres, on which they raised a crop of corn and built a cabin that year. This land afterward became very valuable, owing to the fertility of the soil.

Williamstown now occupies a part of it, and the balance has been divided into farms, which are in a high state of cultivation.

Fort Harmar having been established at the mouth of the Muskingum river, and garrisoned by the United States troops, Isaac Williams arrived with his family and settled on this tract belonging to his wife, March 24, 1787. Soon after their arrival, their only child, a daughter, was born, whom they named Drusilla. This daughter married John G. Henderson, who came to Wood county in 1797, in company with Robert Triplett.

Mr. Williams, after his arrival here, discontinued his hunting and trapping expeditions, excepting as a recreation, and devoted his attention almost entirely to the cultivation and improvement of his farm. He succeeded in making it one of the most productive and attractive places in the country, and his mansion became far-famed as a place of pleasant resort for his neighbors and friends, and strangers were treated with the most generous hospitality.

His disposition is fairly illustrated by the fact that in 1790, when the inhabitants in the new settlements of the Ohio Company began to suffer from the want of food, and were reduced nearly to the verge of starvation, and corn, from its scarcity, became a great luxury, Mr. Williams, by his industry, had laid by an abundance. Speculators, eager to take advantage of the necessities of the distressed people, and anxious to turn an honest penny, offered him one dollar and a quarter per bushel for all he had to spare, and urged upon him to set a price, intimating that he could demand of them nearly any price he chose. But he turned from them with indignation, and sent them off without a bushel. With the exception of a scant supply for his own use, this corn was divided among needy applicants, whose empty purses were no bar to their obtaining what they needed, and when able to pay only fifty cents per bushel would be accepted. The reader can, perhaps, imagine the amount of relief caused by this generous act, to the scores of hungry settlers, who had been almost starved, trying to subsist on mouldy corn, which had been hard to obtain at as high as two dollars per bushel. The position which Mr. Williams held in the hearts of the people was one to be envied. It is sufficient to say of his wife that she emulated him in his kindly acts. This modern "Isaac and Rebecca" rivaled their scriptural namesakes in noble deeds. Many years before his death Mr. Williams liberated all his slaves, six or eight in number, and by his will left valuable tokens of love and good feeling for the oppressed and despised African. He died September 25, 1820, aged eighty-four years.

For many years during his early manhood Mr. Williams served as a ranger and spy, and by his skill, accompanied by his generous and courageous qualities, gained a national reputation, had few equals and no superiors. An interesting volume might be written of his life and adventures. In his dangerous expeditions against the Indians he was the frequent companion of Lewis Wetzel, Kerr, and other noted rangers. His remains, with those of his family, lie buried in a beautiful spot upon the plantation. Upon the death of Mrs. Williams this place descended by

desire to John A. Kinnard, who had married Mary Tomlinson, the sixth child of Joseph and Elizabeth Tomlinson, of Grave creek, a niece of Mrs. Williams. Mr. Kinnard, with his young wife, settled upon the farm in 1807. He filled, during his life, many positions of trust, and died at Parkersburg, May 2, 1850, in his seventy-third year. His wife died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Gardner, in Parkersburg, March 16, 1873, aged eighty-seven.

ONE OF BIRD LOCKHART'S INDIAN ADVENTURE

In the autumn of 1793, Mr. Williams had been sick, but recovering and feeling a returning appetite, he determined to procure some venison, of which he was very fond. Living in his garrison with his wife and children, was Bird Lockhart, a courageous man and a celebrated hunter, who was readily induced to try and procure the game, although at that time the venture was especially hazardous, on account of the proximity and savage spirit of the Indians. Taking his old horse, which was so afflicted with the pole-evil, and used up in general, that there was no danger of the Indians coveting the possession of him, he went to the head of Worthington run, six miles from the garrison, where he soon killed two fine deer, and had them dressed and packed upon the old horse. Late in the afternoon, as he was traversing his way towards home, along a winding ridge, in a curve of an old Indian path, he suddenly discovered two of the savage warriors only a few rods ahead of him. The Indians were as much surprised as himself, and both parties sprang behind trees. In his haste one of the savages selected a tree too small to cover his body, a part of which being exposed, Lockhart quickly shot him through the hips, completely disabling him. Knowing Bird's gun to be empty after the shot, the other Indian, who was some distance off, rushed up to shoot him. Lockhart, however, with the rapidity of lightning had reloaded before the Indian could get a fair sight at him, who, observing him withdrawing his ramrod, returned in haste to his tree. Here they remained until dark, watching each other closely, when Lockhart, placing his beaver upon the end of his wiping stick, slowly pushed it around the side of the tree, calling the fire of his enemy, whose rifle ball pierced the hat. Still further to deceive him, he let it fall to the ground, when, with a yell the savage sprang forward to secure his scalp. Letting him approach to within a few yards, he deliberately stepped out and shot him through the body. His horse had in the meantime strayed off, and he took a circuit round in search of him, but not finding him, he returned to the garrison. The next morning Lockhart conducted a party to the scene of the previous night's adventures, where they found the dead body of the last Indian which had been shot, but the first one was missing. After searching found the old horse on Carpenters run, about six miles up the river. It was supposed that the wounded Indian had found the animal, and, riding him to this point, had crossed the river, aided by his friends, or hidden himself in the rocks. Isaac Williams got no venison, but he forgot his loss in listening to the story connected with it.

JOSHUA FLEEHART

Joshua Fleehart was born on the frontiers in Pennsylvania, and from boyhood had been brought up in the woods, knowing as little in the way of "book learning" as the Indian. He had a powerful frame, over six feet in height, with muscular limbs. He was the most noted among all the backwoodsmen of this vicinity for his tact in following the trail of an Indian or wild beast through the forest, and it is said of him that fear was a sensation which he never experienced. His skill in the art of hunting seemed almost superhuman. He always went dressed similar to an Indian, with moccasins and leather leggins. The rifle which he carried was one of the largest calibre, and, like himself, unusually lengthy, and so heavy that few men could hold it steadily in the position for firing. It did wonderful

execution, however, in his powerful grasp, and with it he could hit a small object at 100 yards with certain accuracy.

At the breaking out of the Indian war, he lived with his wife and four children, on what was afterward known as Blennerhassett island. Having become widely celebrated as an expert hunter, he was induced to go to Farmers Castle, below Belpre, to reside, for the purpose of supplying the settlers with game. The near proximity of the Indians never deterred him from hunting in the forest, and if an alarm was given while he was inside the garrison, of the approach of the savage, he would take his trusty rifle and sally out into the woods, to watch their motions and try and obtain a shot at one of them. He claimed that he could be of more assistance in this way, and felt freer and more at home when behind a tree, fighting Indians, than when confined behind the shelter of a block-house. He soon tired of garrison life, however, and late in the fall of 1793, started all alone upon a hunting expedition, penetrating about twenty miles into the territory occupied by the Indians as their best hunting grounds. He was gone fully three months, returning the latter part of February, with his canoe heavily and richly laden with valuable skins and spoils which he had captured in his successful encounters with the Indians, including various silver ornaments.

DEATH OF CHARLES KELLY AND OTHERS

When information of the hostile deportment of the Indians, in 1774, reached Williamsburg, Col. Charles Lewis sent a messenger with the intelligence to Capt. John Stuart, requesting him to apprize the inhabitants on the Greenbrier river that an immediate war was anticipated, and to send out scouts to watch the warrior's path beyond the settlements. The captain thereupon used the utmost vigilance to prevent the re-enactment of those scenes which had been previously witnessed on Muddy creek and in the Big Levels, but it could not avail to altogether repress them. In the course of the preceding spring, some few had commenced making improvements on the Kanawha river, below the Great falls, and some land adventurers had begun to examine and survey the adjacent country. To these men, Capt. Stuart dispatched an express, informing them of the re-opening of Indian hostilities, and advising them to remove to a place of greater security. When this express arrived at the cabin of Walter Kelly, twelve miles below the falls, Capt. John Field, of Culpepper (who had been in active service during the French war, and was then engaged in making surveys), was there with a young Scotchman and a negro woman. Kelly immediately sent his family to Greenbrier, under the care of a younger brother, but Capt. Field, deeming the apprehension groundless, determined to remain with Kelly, the Scotchman and negro woman also remaining.

Soon after the family had left the cabin, and while yet within hearing distance of it, a party of Indians approached, unperceived, and came near Kelly and Field, who were engaged in drawing leather from a tan-trough in the yard. The first intimation of their approach was the discharge of several guns, when Kelly fell. Field then ran briskly toward the house in quest of his gun, but recollecting that it was unloaded, sprang into a cornfield, which screened him from the observation of the Indians, who, supposing that he had taken shelter in the house, rushed into it. Here they found the Scotchman and negro woman, the latter of whom they killed; and, making prisoner of the young man, returned and scalped Kelly.

When Kelly's family reached the Greenbrier settlement, they reported having heard the firing of guns in the direction of their home, and expressed their apprehension of the danger to those they left behind. Capt. Stuart thereupon assembled a number of volunteers and started to their relief. They had not gone far before they met Capt. Field, whose

clothes were almost entirely torn off from him, and who was nearly exhausted from hunger and fatigue, caused by his flight of eighty miles through the thick underbrush. Considering it useless to proceed farther, the party returned.

A few weeks afterward, another band of Indians came to the settlement on Muddy creek, and meeting a daughter of Walter Kelly, who was out walking with her uncle, near the house (which had been converted into a temporary fort), they fired upon them when the latter was killed, and the young lady, being overtaken in her flight, was carried off into captivity.

BATTLE NEAR POINT PLEASANT, AND ATTACK ON FORT DONNNELLY

The Shawnees had determined to avenge the death of their Sachem Cornstalk, and in the spring of 1778, a small band of them made their appearance near the fort at Point Pleasant, when Lieut. Moore was dispatched, with a few men, to drive them off. The Indians commenced retreating, and the lieutenant, fearing they would escape, ordered a quick pursuit. He did not proceed far before he fell into an ambuscade; he and three of his men were killed at the first fire, and the rest of the party saved themselves by a rapid flight to the fort.

In the following May, an attempt was made to repeat this operation, and a party of Indians again came within view of the fort, but Capt. McKee (who was at that time in command) forbore to detach any of his men to go in pursuit of them. Disappointed in their expectations, the Indians suddenly arose from their covert and presented an unbroken line, extending in front of the fort from the Kanawha to the Ohio river. The garrison at this time was small, owing to the absence of Capt. Arbuckle's company; the Indians demanded a surrender, which proposition Capt. McKee asked until morning to consider, and the night was spent in bringing a supply of water from the river and making other preparations for defence. In the morning the captain sent the answer (that the demand would not be complied with) by the "grenadier squaw," Cornstalk's sister, who remained attached to the whites, (notwithstanding the murder of her brother and nephew, Ellinipsica), and acted as interpreter at the fort. The Indians immediately commenced the attack, and for a week kept the garrison closely besieged, when, failing to accomplish their object, they collected all the cattle they could find, and proceeded up the Kanawha, toward the Greenbrier settlement.

Appreciating the danger and the disastrous consequences of a surprise to the people of that community, Capt. McKee called for volunteers to undertake the hazardous enterprise of passing by the Indians to Col. Andrew Donnelly's (then the frontier house) and give the alarm. John Pryor and Phillip Hammond expressed themselves as willing to risk their lives to save the people of Greenbrier, and were immediately painted and disguised as Indians by the "grenadier squaw," and started upon their perilous journey. Traveling night and day with great rapidity, and making a detour, they passed the Indians at Meadow river, and arrived at Donnellys fort, twenty miles farther on, at sunset of that day.

The intelligence was immediately spread through the neighborhood, a messenger was sent to Capt. John Stuart, water and supplies were carried into the fort, and every possible arrangement made for the reception of the enemy. Early the next morning John Prichet (a servant to Col. Donnelly) went into the yard for some firewood, and was instantly killed by a rifle shot. Two Indians then ran into the yard and tried to force open the kitchen door, but it was secured by Hammond and Pointer, who were on guard. The savages then commenced cutting the door in pieces with their tomahawks, and Hammond, finding they would soon succeed, threw it suddenly open, killed one Indian on the threshold, and discharged his musket, heavily loaded with swan shot, into the dense crowd of savages congregated there, who fell back in dismay, and the door was again secured. The men in the

house (who were asleep at the opening of the attack) were by this time aroused, and commenced a rapid fire from the openings in the second story, when the enemy retired to a safe distance. A number of Indians, however, had succeeded in getting under the floor and attempted to gain admittance by raising up the puncheons, of which it was made; in this they were quickly aided by the whites, who tore up a part of the floor and succeeded in killing several of the savages before they could escape.

When the intelligence of the approach of the savages reached Capt. Stuart, Col. Samuel Lewis was with him, and they both exerted themselves to collect the inhabitants into the fort where Lewisburg now stands. Having succeeded in this, two scouts were sent to Donnelly's to ascertain what was transpiring, who soon returned and gave information of the Indian attack there. Volunteers were then called for, and in a brief space of time, a company of sixty-six brave men were marching by the most direct route to the relief of the Donnelly fort, under the leadership of Col. Lewis and Capt. Stuart. By approaching the fort at the rear, they escaped an ambuscade that had been laid by the savages in anticipation of the arrival of reinforcements, and, creeping through a field of rye, they made a rush for the house, amid a storm of bullets from the enemy (who discovered them when they broke cover), and were soon safely within the walls. The Indians then renewed the attack, continuing until dark, when they retreated, dragging off their slain.

In this encounter, only four of the whites were killed, while it was known that the enemy lost over thirty. The garrison numbered twenty-one, before the reinforcements came, and these men had sustained the brunt of the battle against an attacking party of over two hundred. This fairly illustrates the want of good generalship on the part of the Indians, and the excellent judgment and bravery of the pioneers. Nearly all the successful attacks of the Indians were made upon isolated and defenceless families, or upon small settlements, when they were enabled to take them by surprise. On the morning after the Indians departed, Capt. Hamilton went in pursuit of them with seventy men, but, following two days without apparently gaining upon them, the chase was abandoned.

OTHER DEPREDATIONS IN THE VALLEY

After this attack on Donnellys fort, the Indians attempted no more mischief in the Greenbrier country for about two years. The fort at Point Pleasant guarded the principal pass to the settlements on the Kanawha, in the levels and on Greenbrier river, but in the spring of 1780, when preparations were being made for an attack against the whole border country, a party of savages was dispatched to this section for the purpose of rapine and murder, and to ascertain the facilities of the inhabitants to resist invasion.

This party consisted of twenty-two warriors, and their first act of atrocity was at the house of Lawrence Drinnan, a few miles above the Little Levels, where Henry Baker was killed near the river. Mr. Drinnan dispatched a servant to spread the alarm, who collected twenty men, two of whom were killed, as they were proceeding toward Drinnan's, by the savages, who lay in ambush awaiting them. The Indians then proceeded to the house of Hugh McIver, whom they killed, and made his wife prisoner. Meeting John Prior with his wife and child, the former was killed and the latter two taken prisoners, and probably murdered, as they were never afterward heard from. The other victims in the neighborhood were a man named Monday and his wife, who were slain, and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Thomas Drinnan and a child, who were taken prisoners. These were the last outrages committed by the Indians in the Greenbrier settlements.

ENLEN'S LEAP

In the spring of 1788, Benjamin Enlen, who was at that time insane, was out hunting in the woods below

Point Pleasant, when he was discovered and pursued by an Indian. Throwing away his elegant silver-mounted rifle, in order to gain time by arresting the attention of the Indian (who stopped to pick it up), he used his utmost exertions in running; and unexpectedly came to a precipice, over which he fell headforemost through a buckeye tree, striking a branch which turned him over, and he landed upon his feet unhurt, although the fall was fifty-three feet. Blindly rushing in his excitement toward the river he leaped another precipice twelve feet in height, and escaped. The scene of this occurrence is within sight of the town of Point Pleasant, and of steamers passing along the Ohio river.

MURDER OF RHODA VAN BEBBER

A few years after the close of the Revolution, a daughter of Capt. John Van Bebber, named Rhoda, aged seventeen, and Joseph Van Bebber, a lad of thirteen, a brother of Capt. Jesse and John Van Bebber, had crossed over in a canoe one morning, to the west side of the Ohio, opposite Point Pleasant, on an errand to Rhoda's father, then living temporarily in a house on that side of the stream, when a party of Indians suddenly made their appearance. Dave, a black man belonging to Capt. Van Bebber, gave the alarm and rushed into the house. The Indians attacked the house, but were driven off by Dave and Capt. Van Bebber, with the loss of two or three of their number. Joseph and Rhoda, in their terror, hastened to the canoe, whither the Indians pursued them, killed and scalped the young lady, and took Joseph a prisoner to Detroit. Rhoda's scalp the Indians divided into two, and sold them to the Indian traders at Detroit for thirty dollars each; the object in purchasing them was to encourage the savages in their incursions, so as to prevent a settlement of the country by the whites, and thus monopolize the Indian trade. Joseph afterward stated that the barrel into which the scalps were thrown was filled with these horrid trophies. He remained with the Indians two years, during which he learned their language and acted as interpretor between them and the traders. He at length made his escape, and lived with a trader until after Wayne's victory, when he returned home. While at Detroit, he became acquainted with the notorious Simon Girty, then a British pensioner for services in the Revolution. He said Girty was an affable man, but extremely intemperate. Girty denied to him that he was the instigator of the death of Col. Crawford; but that he went so far to save him that his own life was in danger.

THE VAN BEBBER BOYS

In the autumn of 1788 or '89, Mathias Van Bebber, aged eighteen, and Jacob, aged twelve years, were out a short distance from Point Pleasant, with a horse, when they were waylaid by four Indians. Jacob was leading the horse and Mathias was a short distance ahead with a rifle across his shoulders, when the Indians fired two guns at Mathias. One of the balls struck him over the eye, and rendered him momentarily blind; he sprang to one side and fell into a gully. The boy, Jacob, on hearing the report of the guns, fled, and three of the Indians went in pursuit. Mathias, in the meantime, sprang up and took to a tree, the remaining Indian doing the same. Mathias brought up his gun to an aim, the Indian dodged, and the former took the opportunity and escaped into the fort. The Indians, after a close chase of half a mile, caught the lad, who, being very active, would have escaped into the fort had his moccasins not been too large. The Indians retreated across the Ohio with their prisoner, who was a sprightly little fellow, small of his age, and the Indians, pleased with him, treated him kindly. On the first night of their encampment they took him on their knees and sang to him, and he turned away his head to conceal his tears. On arriving at their town, while running the

gauntlet between the children of the place, one Indian boy, much larger than himself, threw a bone which struck him on the head. Enraged by the pain, Jacob drew back and running with all his force butted him over, much to the amusement of the Indian warriors. He was adopted into an Indian family where he was used with kindness. on one occasion his Indian father whipped him, though slightly, which affected his Indian mother and sister to tears. After remaining with the Indians about a year, he escaped, and for five days traveled through the wilderness to his home. When he had arrived at maturity, he was remarkable for his fleetness. None of the Indians who visited Point Pleasant could ever equal him in that respect.

LAST INDIAN INCURSION

The last incursion made by the Indians into this section was in May, 1791, when a party of eighteen whites were attacked by about thirty Indians at a point on the Ohio river about one mile north of the fort at Point Pleasant. The whites were defeated. Michael See and Robert Sinclair were killed and Thomas Northrop Hampton and a black boy belonging to See were borne off prisoners. William See, son of Michael See, was born in the fort at Point Pleasant the same evening that his father was killed. The black boy never returned; he became an Indian chief and took part with the friendly Indians against the British during the war of 1812-14. William went as a volunteer with Mason County Riflemen to the Northwest in 1813, and there met the colored chief, with whom he became acquainted, and was informed by him that the Indian who shot his father at Point Pleasant twenty-two years before was still living, and then in the immediate vicinity, but very old and totally blind. See desired to be shown him, but the chief, fearing that he would avenge the death of his father, refused to reveal his whereabouts.

CAPTURE OF THE MISSES TYLER

About the year 1792 there resided within the fort at Point Pleasant, a family of the name of Tyler, in which were two young ladies. It was customary at that time to put bells upon the cows and permit them to graze without the stockade, into which, however, they were driven at night. One evening in the autumn of the year, these ladies left the fort for the purpose of driving in the cows, and hearing the bells on the hill in the rear of the fort, they proceeded in the direction from which the sound came until they reached the summit of the hill, when several Indians, who had taken the bells from the cows and were using them as a decoy, rushed upon the ladies and made them prisoners; and, having cut the skirts from their dresses that they might travel the more rapidly, at once began the long and tedious journey to Detroit, where shortly after their arrival, the younger died of a broken heart. The elder remained a prisoner until after Wayne's treaty in 1795, when she was married to a French trader in Canada, after which she returned to Point Pleasant and spent six months with her friends, then bidding all a final adieu, she departed to again join her husband, who awaited her arrival at Detroit, from which place they removed to Montreal, where she died at an advanced age.

THOMAS TEAYS

Among the earliest settlers who entered land in the valley was Thomas Teays, who located no less than twenty-seven thousand acres, in which tract nearly the entire region now known as Teays valley was embraced. This valley was named from its first owner, and is the best agricultural land in Putnam county. While Mr. Teays and his party were surveying his lands, one evening after they had gone into camp and were preparing supper, they were much alarmed at beholding several savages approaching the camp. The Indians, probably finding the party stronger than they expected, halted within

speaking distance, while one of them advanced to the camp and asked for salt. Mr. Teays gave him the vessel containing their entire supply, and requested him to take half it contained. The Indian having done so returned thanks, and after dividing with his comrades, all moved off. The next year, while Mr. Teays was completing his surveys, near the mouth of Coal river, he was captured by a roving band of Indians and carried a prisoner to the Shawnee towns, about the time that the prisoners from the command of the ill-fated Col. Crawford were being brought in, and he, with them, was condemned to be burned at the stake. While the fires were being kindled, Mr. Teays observed an Indian sitting a small way off, apparently engaged in deep meditation. But the awful moment was come. The most fearful and heart-rending scene upon which the sun had ever shone was now to be enacted. Those familiar with the heart sickening story of the burning of Col. Crawford can imagine the horrid scene. The prisoners, one after another, were bound to the stakes; and it now came the turn of Mr. Teays. But as he was being led forward by his executioners, the Indian above referred to rushed between them, and, exclaiming, "This man Indian's friend! he gave Indian salt," severed the bonds and led the prisoner away. Thus, by giving the Indian a little salt a year before, was he saved from the awful fate of being burned at the stake. He was adopted into the family of the Indian, with whom he spent more than three years. He then made his excape, and returned by way of the Kanawha valley to his home in Campbell county, Virginia, where he lived to a ripe old age, but never returned to the valley. His lands descended to his heirs, many of the descendants of whom yet reside within the valley and upon the lands included within "Teays grant."

NORTHWESTERN VIRGINIA: ATTACK ON FORT WHEELING

Although Wheeling fort was erected by government authority, and supplied with arms and ammunition from the public arsenal, it was not garrisoned by regular soldiers, in 1777, as were other State forts on the Ohio river; its sole defense was left to the heroism and bravery of those who might seek shelter within its walls. The settlement around it was at this time flourishing, and its growth had been exceedingly rapid since the first coming of the Zanes and others, in 1769; a lively little village of about thirty houses had sprung up, where but a few years prior the foot of civilized man had never trod; and now domestic flocks and herds were quietly feeding upon the hills that had so recently been occupied by wild beasts of the forest. But the peace of the little community was soon to be broken.

On the night of the 1st of September, 1777, Capt. Ogal (who had for some time been engaged, with a party of twelve men in watching the paths leading to the settlement) came into Wheeling and reported that no enemy was near. In the course of the night, however, an Indian army, consisting of 389 warriors, approached the village, and fearing, from seeing the lights at the fort, that the inmates would be prepared for an attack, placed themselves in ambush. Two lines were formed, some distance apart, extending from the river across the point to the creek, with a corn field to afford concealment. Six Indians were then stationed near a road leading through the field to the fort, about midway between these two lines, in a situation exposed to observation, for the purpose of decoying within the lines any force which might come out to attack them.

Early in the morning, two men, going to a field for horses, passed the first line, and came near to the Indians posted in the center; suddenly perceiving the six savages, they endeavored to escape by flight. A single shot brought one of them down, and the other was allowed to escape, that he might give the alarm. Learning there were but six of the enemy, Capt. Mason, at the head of

fourteen men, started for the place where they had been seen. He had not proceeded far from the fort before he perceived a body of savages. Observing the impossibility of maintaining a conflict with them, he immediately endeavored to retreat with his men to the fort, but in vain; they were literally cut to pieces. Capt. Mason and his sergeant, however, succeeded in passing the front line, but were pursued and fired at as they were ascending the hill. The sergeant fell, so crippled by a ball that he could not proceed, and handed his gun to his captain as he passed by (who had lost his own in his flight), and calmly resigned himself to his fate.

The captain, though twice wounded, and greatly exhausted from the loss of blood, pressed forward, with all his remaining energy, for the fort. As the foremost pursuer was about to bury his tomahawk in his skull, he quickly wheeled and raised his gun, but the savage was too close to allow him to take aim; having the advantage of higher ground, however, he staggered him backward by a blow with his fist. The uplifted tomahawk descended to the ground, and before the Indian could recover, the ball from the captain's gun had done its errand, and he fell lifeless to the earth. The captain could proceed but a few steps farther, and he then concealed himself beside a large fallen tree, where he fortunately remained unobserved while the Indians remained about the fort.

The cries of Capt. Mason's men, and the discharge of fire-arms, induced Capt. Ogle to hasten to their relief with his twelve scouts. Being some distance in the rear of his men, the Indians, in closing around them, left him without the circle, and he concealed himself in some briers in the corner of the fence, where he remained until the next day. The same fate awaited his men that had be-fallen the others; of the twenty-six who were led out of the fort, only three escaped death, and two of these were badly wounded.

During the occurrence of these sad events, the inhabitants of the village were busily employed in removing to the fort, and preparing for its defence, as it was soon discovered that the Indians were there in large force, and it would be impossible to maintain an open contest with them. So quickly had these events transpired, that the gates of the fort were scarcely closed before the Indian army appeared under its walls, ready to attempt its reduction by storm. Before an assault was commenced, however, the renegade, Simon Girty, stepped forward and demanded a surrender. He informed the inmates of the fort that he was present, with a large army, to escort to Detroit such of the inhabitants along the frontier as were willing to accept the terms offered by Gov. Hamilton to those who would renounce the cause of the colonists and show their allegiance to Great Britain. He read Gov. Hamilton's proclamation, and urged the folly of resistance, threatening those who persisted in it with all the horros which the savages at his back were capable of perpetrating. He allowed them only fifteen minutes in which to decide, which was fourteen minutes more time than was required. Col. Zane immediately replied that "they had consulted their wives and children, and they were unanimously resolved to perish rather than place themselves under the protection of a savage army, with the prince of barbarians at its head, or relinquish the cause of liberty." Girty then urged them to take more time for consideration, representing in glowing colors their terrible fate if they resisted; he was interrupted by a shot from the fort as a warning, when he withdrew, and the assault immediately commenced.

There were but thirty-three men in the fort to defend it against the attack of over three hundred and eighty Indians, and for twenty-three hours they bravely held out against this superior force, and all the art, fury and cunning which it could bring to bear to accomplish their destruction; this defence was one of the most noble and heroic in the annals of border-warfare. Within the fort, each had a duty to perform.

and promptly and faithfully was it discharged; the more expert of the women (among whom were Mrs. Glum and Betsy Wheat) took their stations and used the rifle with the skill and courage of practiced soldiers; some were engaged in molding bullets, others in loading the guns, while the less robust were engaged in cooking and supplying those in active service with refreshments.

Finally despairing of accomplishing their object, and fearing to remain longer lest their retreat might be cut off by reinforcements from the surrounding country, the savages fired all the houses in the village, killed all the stock which could be found, destroyed all they could lay their hands upon, and retired about daylight, leaving the garrison in possession of the fort and its contents, and deprived of everything outside its walls. As the inhabitants had fled from their homes to the protection of the fort in such great haste, but little had been secured excepting the clothing which covered them, and their distress, after the cessation of hostilities, was consequently great.

Prior to these events, the governor had sent to Col. Andrew Swearingen a quantity of ammunition for the defence of those who remained in the country above Wheeling. Under his superintendence, Bollings and Hollidays old forts were repaired, and the latter made strong enough to serve as a magazine; in it was collected all the inhabitants of the neighborhood, which were numerous enough to give it an exceedingly strong garrison. Soon after the attack was commenced on Wheeling, the alarm reached Shepherds fort, and a runner was despatched from thence to Hollidays fort for volunteers to hasten to the aid of the Wheeling garrison. In response to this call, Col. Swearingen, with fourteen men, got into a large continental canoe, and plied their paddles with energy, hoping to arrive in time to be of service to the besieged; the night, however, proved dark and foggy, and they were soon obliged to proceed slowly, for fear of passing the point of their destination unawares. The light of the burning village was seen when some distance off, and with all their exertions, they were unable to reach their destination before daylight, when it was impossible for them to reach the fort unseen by the savages.

They were in doubt as to whether the fort had shared the fate of the dwellings, or whether the Indians had withdrawn from the attack, and Col. Swearingen, Capt. Bilderbock and William Boshears volunteered to reconnoiter, found their way to the fort, learned the situation, and returned to the river and brought back their companions. Fears being still entertained that the Indians were lying in ambush, a party of twenty started out under Col. Zane for a reconnoissance, who, after a thorough examination, became convinced that the savages were gone; on their return, they were joined by Maj. McCullough, who had arrived with forty-five men.

Where, but a few hours before, a flourishing village and its surrounding fields of growing grain had stood, a desolate and pitiable sight was presented. Twenty-three of the men who had been attacked the preceding morning were lying dead; the lifeless remains of over three hundred head of live stock were scattered about, and every house, with its contents, was reduced to ashes. The inhabitants went immediately to work, with the characteristic energy of the times, but many months elapsed before they regained the comforts of which they had been so cruelly deprived in a day.

ATTACK ON CAPT. FOREMAN

Soon after the attack upon Fort Wheeling, a company of militia, under the command of Capt. Foreman, arrived from east of the Alleghenies to occupy this stronghold, and afford protection to the surrounding settlements. Parties of Indians were still lurking about, and small detachments of troops were frequently sent out on scouting

expeditions. September 26, 1777, Capt. Foreman, with forty-five men, proceeded twelve miles below Wheeling, and encamped for the night. He was ignorant of the practices of the Indians, and indisposed to take counsel of those who were conversant with them; contrary to the advice of a settler named Lynn, who had accompanied him as a spy, he built fires and allowed his men to remain closely around them, while Lynn, with a few frontiersmen who were of the party, retired some distance to spend the night. Before daylight, Lynn heard suspicious sounds on the river above, of which he informed Capt. Foreman in the morning, advising him to return to Wheeling by way of the hillsides instead of along the river bottom; his advice was unheeded, but Lynn and four of his companions prudently started to return along the level at the base of the hill.

While marching along the Grave Creek narrows, one of the soldiers found a parcel of Indian ornaments lying beside the path, and, picking them up, soon drew around him the greater part of the company. While thus crowded together, a galling fire was opened upon them by Indians in ambush, which threw them into great confusion, and was continued for some moments; the loss of the whole party would have been the result, had not Lynn and his four comrades rushed from the hillside, discharging their guns and shouting so loudly that the Indians, believing that a large reinforcement was at hand, precipitately retreated. In this disastrous encounter, twenty-one of Capt. Foreman's party (including himself and two sons) were slain, and several others severely wounded. It was afterward ascertained that the Indians had dropped these ornaments purposely to attract attention in the manner described, while they lay concealed on each side of the path, ready to open a deadly fire at a preconcerted signal. On the ensuing day, some of the inhabitants near Wheeling, under the direction of Col. Zane, proceeded to Grave creek and buried those who had fallen.

SIEGE OF FORT WHEELING.

On the first of September 1782, John Lynn (the celebrated spy previously mentioned), being engaged in scouting northwestof the Ohio, discovered a large war party of Indians marching rapidly toward Wheeling, and hastening to warn the inhabitants of the danger which threatened them, swam the river and reached the village but a short time before the savage army made its appearance. The fort was without any regular garrison, and the brief space of time which elapsed between the alarm of Lynn and the arrival of the enemy, permitted only those who were present to retire into it, and when the attack was commenced there were only twenty effective men within the palisades to oppose the assault. The dwelling house of Col. Ebenezer Zane, standing about forty yards from the fort, contained the military stores which had been furnished by the governor of Virginia, and as it was admirably situated as an outpost, he resolved to obtain possession of it, to aid in defence of the fort as well as to preserve the ammunition; Andrew Scott, George Green, Mrs. Zane, Molly Scott and Miss McCoullough were all who reamained with him; in the adjoining kitchen were the Colonel's negro slaves, Sam and his wife Kate. Col. Silas Zane commanded at the fort.

The savage army approached, with the British colors waving over them, and, before a shot was fired, a demand was made for the surrender of the garrison. No answer was made to the demand, excepting a few shots, which were directed from the fort, by order of Col. Silas Zane, at the standard which they bore, and the savages rushed to the assault. A well-directed fire from Col. Zane's house and the fort caused them to fall back; again they advanced, and were again repulsed. The admirable arrangements, and the exertions of the women within the fort, rendered the little garrison very effective. The darkness of night soon caused a suspension of active hostilities and brought a brief rest to the wearied defenders. The assailants had suffered severely from the

galling fire which had proceeded from the house, and they determined upon burning it. For this purpose, an Indian crept toward the kitchen, in the darkness, with a concealed fireband, a shot from the gun of the vigilant Sam sent him howling and hobbling away.

As hostilities were not resumed immediately upon the approach of daylight, it was evident that some new scheme was being concocted. Soon after the firing had ceased the preceding day, a small boat which was loaded with cannon balls, en route from Fort Pitt to the falls of the Ohio, landed at Wheeling; the man who had charge of it, although wounded, escaped into the fort, but the boat and its contents fell into the hands of the enemy. They resolved to use the balls for demolishing the walls of the fortress, and to this end they procured a log with a cavity nearly corresponding to the size of the ball, bound it closely with heavy chains obtained at some of the shops, charged it heavily with powder and ball and pointed it toward the fort. If an Indian ever smiled, it was at this supreme moment; a placid grin, "child-like and bland," was reflected upon each countenance, as the savages witnessed these preparations, and in imagination saw the walls in ruin, and the helpless victims bleeding under the tomahawk and scalping knife. The match was applied, a tremendous explosion shook the earth, the air was filled with splintered pieces of timber and chains, dense smoke and shouts of dismay, the ground was strewn with Indian bodies, some lifeless, many wounded, and more nearly dead with fright. If an Indian was ever astonished, it was at the remarkable result of this artillery practice. Soon recovering from the shock, and furious from disappointment, they pressed to the assault with the blindness of frenzy, but were still received by a fire so constant and deadly that they were again forced to retire at a very opportune time for the garrison.

HERIOC CONDUCT OF ELIZABETH ZANE AND FRANCIS DUKE

When Lynn gave the alarm, those who went into the fort each took with them a supply of ammunition which would have been sufficient but for the long siege and the repeated attacks; there was no other in the fort, as it had not been occupied for a long time. Only a few rounds now remained, and it became necessary to replenish the stock from the magazine in the house of Col. Zane. The danger of this undertaking, in the face of the watchful foe, can be imagined, and yet there were plenty of heroes within the walls who promptly offered to risk their lives in the undertaking.

Among those who thus volunteered, was one who has since had an exalted place in the pages of our country's history and in the hearts of the people as a heroine – Elizabeth, the younger sister of Col. Zane. She was then young, active and athletic, with a spirit to do and dare what duty imposed upon her. She was told that a man would incur less danger, by reason of his greater fleetness, and her reply was, "And, should he fall, his loss will be more severely felt; there is not a man to spare." Her determination was inflexible, and, divesting herself of some of her garments, that her flight might not be impeded, the gate was opened and she bounded forth. The Indians had barely recovered from one surprise, and here was another; no attempt was made to interrupt her progress; they simply gazed, and exclaimed, "White squaw." Arriving at the door, she made known her errand; Col. Zane fastened a table-cloth around her waist, emptied a keg of powder into it, and she again ventured forth. By this time the Indians began to have suspicions, and, as the noble girl sped along, Providence guided her nimble feet and shielded her from the storm of bullets that rained around her; she reached the gate and entered the fort unharmed.

There was also at this time another deed of herioc daring that should be perpetuated. When intelligence of the Indian attack

upon Wheeling reached Shepherds fort, a party was immediately dispatched to try to aid in the defense. Upon arriving within view of the scene of action, it was deemed useless to attempt to gain an entrance into the fort, and the detachment was about to return, when Francis Duke (son-in-law of Col. Shepherd), unwilling to turn his back upon these people in their dire necessity, declared his determination to try and reach the fort and aid the garrison. He was deaf to all pursuasions to refrain from what he deemed to be his duty, and, putting spurs to his horse, he galloped rapidly forward, shouting, as he drew near "Open the gate." The inmates heard him, the fastenings of the gate were loosened, the goal was almost reached, when this hero fell, pierced by a score of bullets; surely, this noble man deserved a better fate.

THE SIEGE RAISED--ATTACK ON RICES FORT

During that night and all the next day, the Indians maintained the siege, making frequent but unsuccessful attempts to take the fort by storm. On the third night, despairing of success, they raised a siege; one hundred picked warriors were left to scour and lay waste the country, and the balance retreated across the Ohio, encamping at the Indian spring, five miles from the river. Their loss in killed and wounded had been considerable; none of the garrison were killed, and only two wounded; the heroic Francis Duke was the only white man who fell during the siege.

On the evening preceding the departure of the savages from Wheeling, two white men (who had been among them for a number of years and at this time held commands in the army) deserted them, and early the next morning were taken prisoners by Col. Swearingen, who, at the head of ninety-five men, was on his way to aid in the defence of Wheeling fort. Learning from them the intention of the Indians to withdraw from the siege and detach a hundred men to operate in the surrounding country he dispatched runners in every direction to notify the inhabitants of their danger. The place against which the savages directed their operations was located on Buffalo creek, twelve or fifteen miles from its entrance into the Ohio, and known as Rices fort. When the alarm first reached them, there were only five men to defend the fort, the balance having gone to Hagerstown to exchange peltries for ammunition, salt and iron; these five were afterward joined by Jacob Miller. On the approach of the Indians, the cabins were deserted, and the inhabitants repaired to the block-house, where every possible preparation had been made for defence. The Indians finding that they had been discovered, rushed up to take the fort by storm, but were met by the fire of six brave and expert riflemen, each of whose shots reached its mark, and they retired to the protection of the surrounding trees. A desultory firing was kept up until night, with no damage to the whites, but an Indian would receive a ball whenever any portion of his body came within range. The shots of the latter were directed principally against the stock as they came up to the station in the evening, and the ground was strewn with dead carcasses. About ten o'clock they fired a large barn (about thirty yards from the block-house), filled with grain and hay, and by its light kept up the assault until two o'clock, when they departed.

Their loss was four killed, and many wounded. George Folebaum was the only white who suffered; a stray shot which entered through a port-hole struck him in the forehead, and he instantly expired. The surviving defenders of the fort were Jacob Miller, George Leffler, Peter Fullenweider, Daniel Rice and Jacob Leffler, jr.

ADAM POE'S BATTLE

It was during the summer of this year (1782), that a party of seven Wyandot warriors (five of whom

were the most distinguished chief of that nation and his four brothers) came into one of the intermediate settlements between Fort Pitt and Wheeling, killed an old man, robbed his cabin, and commenced retreating with their plunder. They were discovered by spies, and eight men (two of whom were Adam and Andrew Poe, brothers, celebrated for their great stature, strength, activity and courage), went in pursuit of them. Coming onto their trail near the Ohio, Adam Poe, fearing an ambuscade, left his companions to follow it, while he moved across to the river under cover of the high weeds and bushes. As he approached the Ohio, he espied an Indian raft near the water's edge; moving cautiously down, he discovered the large Wyandot chief and a smaller Indian intently watching the party of whites, who were then some distance lower down the bottom. Poe raised his gun and took accurate aim at the chief, but the piece failed to discharge, and the snap of the trigger betrayed his presence. Springing forward, he seized the large Indian, and at the same time encircling his arm around the neck of the smaller one, threw them both to the ground. Extricating himself from the grasp of Poe, the small savage raised his tomahawk, but as he aimed the blow, a vigorous kick staggered him back and caused him to let his weapon fall. Recovering quickly, he aimed several blows at Poe, who was held in the arms of the chief, but the vigilance and activity of the backwoodsman enabled him to evade them, although he received a severe wound in his wrist, while engaged in warding them off. By a violent effort, he freed himself from the grasp of the chief, and hastily seizing a gun, shot the smaller Indian through the beast.

The chief had regained his feet, and grasping Poe, a terrible hand-to hand encounter ensued. Having been taken at a disadvantage, Poe was thrown to the ground, but actively regaining his feet, the two muscular antagonists closed in a deadly embrace, both falling into the water, after a severe struggle. The nature of the contest was now changed, and each endeavored to drown his opponent with alternate success, first one and then the other being under water. At length, securing a hold on the long tuft of hair upon the head of the chief, Poe succeeded in holding him under water until he supposed him dead; but relaxing his hold too soon, the gigantic savage was again on his feet, ready to renew the contest. Grappling each other again, they were carried beyond their depth and obliged to swim. Both sought the shore, each straining every nerve to reach it first that he might end the conflict with one of the guns lying upon the beach. Observing that the Indian gained upon him, Poe turned and swam out into the river and tried to avoid being shot by diving. Fortunately his antagonist laid hold of the gun which had already been discharged by Poe when he had killed the smaller Indian, and he was enabled to get some distance into the river.

In the meantime, the whites had encountered the other five Indians, and after a desperate conflict succeeded in killing all but one, with the loss of three of their own number. Andrew Poe was one who escaped, and he hastened to the aid of his brother. Two of the whites, coming upon the scene as Adam was swimming from the shore, mistook him for an escaping Indian and fired upon him, wounding him in the shoulder. At this juncutre, Andrew appeared, and his brother swam for the shore shouting, "Shoot the big Indian." This was quickly done by Andrew, who then plunged into the river to assist Adam to the shore. The chief, having received his death wound, rolled himself into the water, in order to cheat his antagonist out of his scalp and sunk, to rise no more.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES AND "STYLES," 1790 TO 1810

Manufactured cloth was almost unattainable here in an early day, and it devolved upon the settlers to use their wits and depend upon themselves for material with which they could become comfortably

clothed. The favorite and almost universal material of a hunter's or ranger's suit was deer skin, as it was best prepared to stand the rough usage to which it was subjected, and many families, from the oldest to the youngest, were thus clad. A suit made of it would last a long time, and the young ladies were not obliged to change the cut and style of their dresses every fall and spring. Great skill was attained in making the deer skin soft and pliable as the finest cloth. The settlers who came from New England were nearly all adepts at manufacturing cloth of different materials, bringing with them their spinning wheels and looms. One of the finest accomplishments of a young lady was to become skilled in the use of these. It was a pleasant recreation for them, while in the block houses, to congregate together in the evening and run them, and frequent bouts in speed and skill were had.

Hemp and flax were raised in small quantities, and for a few years cotton was raised to some extent and manufactured into stockings, or mixed with hemp and flax, for cloth. The rich soil of the bottom lands was well adapted to the cultivation of cotton, and for a time it was successful, but it was soon found that the season was too short for it, the early frost destroying it before maturity, and the attempt was abandoned. Dr. Spencer, of Vienna, Wood county, about the year 1800, raised cotton in his garden, the stems of which were eight or ten feet high, and produced forty pounds of long, fine cotton, in the seed, on three square rods of ground. A colored woman, who had been familiar with its culture in the South, planted it early in April. Cotton, at this time, was just coming into cultivation, as a staple, in the South, and, worth from forty to fifty cents per pound. Silk worms were raised, and cocoons reeled and spun into strong sewing thread, at Marietta, as early as 1800. Sheep were not introduced until after peace was established with the Indians, about 1797, and they then came from Pennsylvania. Then nearly every farmer had his flock of sheep and his patch of flax. The wool was carded with hand-cards, spun and woven at home, and made up into garments for both sexes. The older people can remember what nice suits were made for men of "fulled cloth," and what fine gowns for women of "pressed flannel." The flax was pulled and spread out in rows on the ground, "rotted," and then "broken and swingled," and was thus prepared for spinning on the "little wheel," as the machine was called on which the flax was spun, to distinguish it from the larger machine for spinning wool. It was woven into cloth for table-covers, towcling, sheeting and shirting. The "tow," which was the coarse portion combed out of the hatchel, was spun into coarse yarn of which a cloth was made for summer suits for men and boys. The tow shirt, so commonly worn, was, when new, an instrument of torture to the wearer, as it was full of prickly spines left from the woody parts of the stalk.

Nearly all the cloth worn in the families of the settlers, for over twenty years, for every-day dresses, was made at home by the wives and daughters. Procuring material for clothing, therefore, was the least of their troubles. A neat deerskin or homespun dress, and close-fitting moccasins, made a rustic and pretty costume, and, enveloping a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed maiden, they presented a handsome picture. At least, so thought the young huntsman, in his picturesque suit of the same material, whom the young lady no doubt admired more than if he were attired in the richest broadcloth.

THE FIRST "GRIST MILL"

Owing to the constant danger of Indian attacks in the interior, where excellent water-power might have been obtained for the running of the machinery of a grist-mill, no one cared to take the risk of constructing one, for a number of years after the first settlements were made, and each family was obliged

to pulverize their own grain by the best means at hand. Before the corn had become hardened, it was a common custom to take it while on the cob and scrape it on a grater made of a piece of tin, punched full of holes, using the rough side. After the grain had become too hard to prepare in this way, the wheat or corn was either ground in a handmill, by those who were fortunate enough to have one, or pounded with the use of mortar and pestle. The sweep was sometimes used for pounding grain into meal. This was a pole of some springy, elastic wood, thirty feet long or more; the butt end was placed under the side of the house or a large stump. This pole was supported by two forks, placd about one-third of its length from the butt end, so as to elevate the small end about fifteen feet from the ground; to this was attached, by a large mortise, a piece of a sapling, about five or six inches in diameter, and eight or ten feet long. The lower end of this was shaped so as to answer for a pestle. A wooden pin was put through it at a proper height, so that two persons could work at the sweep at once. The mortar for holding the grain was made of a large block of wood, about three feet long, with an excavation burned in one end, wide at the top and narrow at the bottom, so that the action of the pestle on the bottom threw the corn up the sides toward the top, from whence it continually fell into the center. After being pounded as fine as possible, the meal would be sifted with a hand-sieve, generally made of deer skins, in the form of par parchment, stretched over a hoop, and perforated with a hot wire. The first water-mills were of the kind known as tub-mills, the machinery of which was nearly all alike, very simple and inexpensive. It consisted of an upright shaft, to the lower end of which a horizontal wheel, of four or five feet in diameter, was attached; the upper end passed through the bedstone and carried the runner. No bolting cloths were used, but the sifters, above described, finished the flour in a manner that, in those days, was highly satisfactory. The recent patent roller process cannot be compared with it.

In the summer of 1791, a novel mill was constructed by Griffin Green and Capt. Jonathan Devoll, of Farmers Castle (below Belpre, on the Ohio river), which cost fifty-one pounds eight shillings, and was of the following description: Two boats were built, one five and the other ten feet wide, and both forty-five feet long. The larger was made of plank, similar to to a flatboat, and the other of the trunk of a large sycamore tree. They were placed about twelve feet apart, parellel to each other, and between them was constructed a paddle-wheel, very similar to the stern wheels used on many river boats, which rested in the water to the depth of the paddles. The boats were connected by platforms built of planks on each side of the wheel. On each boat rested an end of the water-wheel shaft, and on the larger was erected a frame building sufficiently large to contain the gearing and one run of small stone, and containing storage for a small amount of grain and meal. The establishment was held to its place by a cable chain fastened to a firm anchor. The wheel could thus be run by action of the current, and a place was selected where the position was safe from Indian attack, and the current was sufficiently strong. By a simple contrivance, the mill could be started and stopped, and would grind from two to four bushels per hour, according to the strength of the current. When any wheat was obtained to be ground, it went through a bolting reel in the garrison, turned by hand. This river mill was visited by all the settlers on both sides of the Ohio and its tributaries, in canoes, for a distance of twenty miles or more, and it was so much of an improvement over the old style, that the quality of the work and size of the toll-dish was never an object of criticism. Happy miller!

EARLY SCHOOLS

The school-houses first erected for the accommodation of pupils who, at an early day, sought the limited

education that was then obtainable, were nearly all alike. The house was generally built in the woods, of round logs; in size 16 by 18 or 20 feet, with a puncheon floor, and walls chunked and daubed with clay. A fire-place entirely occupied one end of the building, and for light a space was left unfilled between the logs, on three sides of the building, at a proper height, covered over with paper greased with hog's lard, to make it semi-transparent; glass was too much of a luxury to be well afforded. Seats were made by splitting logs of the desired length, cut from small trees, smoothing the inner side, with legs inserted in the under or round side. The writing desks were made by boring holes in the logs, under the paper windows, inserting long pins therein, upon which boards were laid and fastened. The fuel was of great, green logs, chopped in the surrounding forest by the larger scholars, and rolled into the house in the evening ready for morning. The fire was always large and cheerful the pleasantest feature of the school-room. A male teacher was generally employed; and one of the pupils, who has been there, has the following fond recollection of him: The teacher's equipage was a gad about six feet long, a big rule and a dunce block – these for the scholars; a pint bottle of whisky in the coat pocket–this for the teacher. These combined, made a lively school. It is doubtful if the rising generation fully appreciate the advantages they now have (in the good, commodious school-houses, comfortably furnished, and in the well-trained teachers) over their fathers and grandfathers, who had to travel through sleet and snow, sometimes three or four miles, to receive the first ruidments of an education.

PRICES CURRENT IN 1778-79

The following is a partial price-list of provisions, stock, etc., in western Virginia in 1778: Cattle, ten pounds, or thirty-three and one-third dollars per head; horses, twenty-five pounds, or eighty-three dollars and twenty five cents; flour, fifty shillings per barrel, equal to sixteen dollars, or six pence per pound; a common woodman's ax, thirty shillings, or five dollars; a pack-saddle, about the same; salt, six pounds, or twenty dollars per bushel. The latter article was then brought from the sea-coast, and imported, none of any consequence being made in the country. Provisions at this time were exceedingly scarce and dear, and these prices are not estimated in a depreciated currency, but in silver dollars or their equivalent. In these days, when salt works are so numerous in this State, and the finest quality is so cheap, it is difficult to believe that any such price was paid here, but it is, nevertheless, a fact. In January, 1779, provisions became very scarce and dear, west of the mountains. The employing of many men in the public service required a large supply, and the main portion of it was brought from the eastern side of the mountains on pack-horses. During the winter months, when the roads were at the worst, and this service was attended with great danger from Indian attacks, carriers demanded and received twenty pounds per hundred weight for the transport of flour and other provisions from Cumberland to Pittsburg, and then there was added additional cost of transportation down the river. At Pittsburg, bacon was seven and six pence a pound, or one dollar in Pennsylvania money. The price of salt rose to sixteen pounds per bushel; the same being eight dollars per bushel near the sea-coast, in Maryland. Wheat rose to six dollars per bushel, and in a letter of Col. Morgan to Benjamin Kirkendall, a miller, on Peters creek, he says he was forwarded three thousand dollars to purchase five hundred bushels at that rate; this was doubtless the actual price in paper money, as it was estimated at from forty to forty-five shillings. "Pennsylvania currency."

BACKWOODSMEN AND RANGERS

When settlements were first made

in western Virginia, nearly every man was a genuine woodsman, and more or less an adept in hunting game and Indians. To new comers, unpracticed in the art, they became teachers, and the necessities of the times soon developed the pupil into a master. The vigilance of the rangers employed as safeguard to the pioneer settler, and the skill of the settler in the use of the rifle soon became known to the wily Indians, which deterred them from committing many a depredation that they longed to indulge in. Although revenge was sweet with them, and their cruel natures enjoyed the scenes of savage butchery which were frequently enacted, yet, unless unusually inspired by some recent act of the whites, or by the eloquence of some noted chief, they would seldom risk their lives deliberately, for the sole purpose of gratifying it. The hope of plunder was the main stimulus with them, hence they sought it where the most could be obtained with the least risk to themselves. Providentially for the white people, the plan of preparation for a general war – the collecting of the means of subsistence for a large body of men, and the proper provision for those left at home – could not be carried out by them; they were therefore obliged to proceed in small parties which could generally be successfully resisted, and which seldom hung about a neighborhood for more than a week, while larger bodies could not keep together for want of food. Judge Barker estimates that, in the seven years previous to the war of 1791, the Indians killed and took prisoners 1,500 persons, and stole 2,000 horses, besides property to the amount of $50,000 in the Ohio valley.

FARM LIFE

Western Virginia was very thinly settled until a comparatively recent date, for various reasons, notwithstanding the rich resources of the country, and the mode of life among the people was very primitive. The chief amount of grain that was raised was fed to stock, which was driven to the settlements to be sold. Corn, the chief product, if it found any market at all, brought less than twenty-five cents per bushel; oats, twelve and one-half cents; beef, pork and venison, two to two and one-half dollars per hundred weight, and other articles in proportion; mostly or entirely payable in store goods, at an enormous profit. But, notwithstanding this fact, the inhabitants of this hilly section were perfectly independent, and generally lived a life of the keenest enjoyment, after the troubles with the Indians had ceased. It is doubtful if any people in the world had less care or took more solid comfort in life. Many a young man married the girl of his choice, and, with his ax on one shoulder and his rifle on the other, with little of this world's goods to cause him trouble, and, accompanied by his faithful companion, located where he had purchased at small cost, upon rich bottom land, beside some stream, with the high hills in the back ground. Here he cleared away the forest, built a comfortable cabin, cultivated his crops, which he fed mostly to his stock, and raised a family of children. His main recreation was the hunting of wild game, which abounded among the hills, the skins of the bear, deer and other animals finding a ready market. This was varied by angling in the mountain streams, where fish of a fine quality were plenty. Breathing the pure mountain air, with regular and simple habits, very little sickness was experienced among them, except what was successfully treated by the matron of the household with her preparation of herbs. Their clothing was made of homespun, and their shoes were home-made moccasins. The women were generally rosy-cheeked and pretty, and the men, well-formed specimens of manhood. As an almost universal rule, the Christian religion was observed in these families, and itinerant Methodist and Baptist ministers held frequent services in every neighborhood. It is doubtful whether the young man of today, marrying and starting out in life, surrounded though he may be with every luxury that wealth can

purchase, can possibly experience so pure and joyful an existence. It can only be counterbalanced by the present superior facilities for education, and that keener sense of all that is beautiful and good that a higher order of intelligence and cultivation gives.

SKETCHES OF EARLY PIONEERS
LEWIS WETZEL

The subject of this sketch was one of the most noted of that band of brave and skillful rangers which rendered such invaluable service to the pioneers of western Virginia and Ohio. Much has been published concerning him which illustrates his courage, prowess, and unselfish devotion to the welfare of his companions. He was but a lad when his father, John Wetzel, removed with his family, from South Branch and settled in the neighborhood of Wheeling, in company with the Zanes, Shepherd, McCulloughs, and others, in 1770, when that country was an uninhabited wilderness.

It was not until the summer of 1774 that the boy first gave promise of that remarkable daring and discretion which became so fully developed in his maturer years. When about fourteen years old, he and his brother Jacob (still younger) were discovered some distance from the house by a party of Indians, who had been prowling among the settlements on the Ohio river in search of plunder and scalps. As the boys were in an opening, some distance from them, the Indians determined to shoot the larger one, lest his greater activity might enable him to escape. A shot was accordingly discharged at him, which carried away a part of his breast bone, and temporarily disabled him, so that he was easily made prisoner with his little brother. The Indians immediately directed their steps toward their towns, and having traveled about twenty miles beyond the Ohio river, encamped at the Big Lick, on the waters of McMahons creek, on the second night of the boys' captivity.

When the Indians had finished eating, they laid down without confining the boys, as on the previous evening, and soon fell asleep. After making a little movement to test the soundness of their repose, Lewis whispered to his little brother that he must get up and go home with him, and, after some hesitation on the part of Jacob, they arose and started off. When they had proceeded about a hundred yards, Lewis bade his brother remain there, and he returned to camp and secured a pair of moccasins for each of them; he returned the second time, and captured his father's gun and some ammunition and then these two "babes in the woods" commenced their journey home.

They followed the back trail by the light of the moon, but had not proceeded far before they heard the Indians coming in pursuit of them. Waiting until they had approached very near, Lewis drew his brother into concealment behind some bushes until they had passed, when the boys followed on in the rear of the Indians. Lewis was exceedingly watchful, and when the latter returned, after their fruitless search, he again concealed himself with his brother and escaped observation. They were then hunted by two savages on horseback, but by pursuing the same stratagem they evaded them also, and on the next day reached the Ohio river, opposite Wheeling. Fearing that he might attract the attention of some Indian who might be following, Lewis refrained from hallooing, but expeditiously constructed a raft, on which they crossed the river in safety, and soon found their way home.

Among those of the troops who went out to fight the Indians under Col. Crawford, in the spring of 1782, was a man named Mills, who, after the defeat, escaped into Wheeling. Having exhausted his horse by continued rapid driving, he had been obliged to leave him near the present town of St. Clairsville, Ohio, and wishing to secure him, after his arrival at Wheeling, he prevailed upon Lewis Wetzel to aid in searching for him. The latter advised him to prepare for fighting.

When approaching the spot where the horse had been left they met a party of about forty Indians going toward the Ohio river, who fired upon them, and Mills was wounded in the heel; being thus disabled, he was soon overtaken and killed. Wetzel singled out a brawny chief whom he shot and as he saw him fall, he turned and ran. He was immediately followed by four of the savages. who laid aside their guns that they might the more certainly overtake him. Wetzel was a swift runner, and could easily have outstripped them, but this was not his object; he had acquired the practice of loading his rifle as he ran, and noticing that his pursuers were without firearms, he reloaded and then relaxed his speed until the foremost Indian had got within about twelve paces of him, when he wheeled and shot him dead, and then continued his flight. He had now to exert himself to keep in advance of the savages and again load, and when he turned to fire, the one in advance was near enough to succeed in grasping the barrel of his gun before he could bring it to bear. A short but severe tussel followed, but at length Wetzel succeeded in bringing the muzzle to the breast of his antagonist and killing him.

By this time, both pursuers and pursued had become much jaded, and this gave Wetzel the opportunity to load without difficulty; yet the fate of their companions had taught the two remaining savages a lesson, and as the intrepid hunter would make the first motion in turning toward them, they would spring behind trees. Taking advantage of a more open piece of ground, he was enabled to fire upon one of them who had sought protection behind a sapling too small to screen his entire body. The ball produced a death-wound, and the remaining Indian, instead of pressing on Wetzel, uttered a shrill yell, and exclaiming, "No catch him; gun always loaded," sped back to rejoin his party.

A detail of the numerous adventures of this celebrated man would form a volume of most thrilling interest, and a recital of well-authenticated facts connected with his life would sound more strange than fiction. An interesting relic was found during the fall of 1882, by a party of children who were rambling through a ravine near St. Mary's, in Pleasants county. The clear waters of the brook dash, sparkling over the rocks, always young and joyous, just as they did on that day one hundred years ago, when Lewis Wetzel stopped to rest here, in the refreshing shade, and after enjoying a smoke from his roughly-carved brier-root pipe, laid it in a crevice of the rock, and stretched himself for the comforts of a noonday nap. The approach of danger must have startled him when he awoke, for he departed suddenly and forgot his pipe. For a century it rested where he placed it, to be found by these children; it was thickly covered with moss, which being scraped away, the intials "L. W." were revealed, which the old hero had engraved upon it.

COL. DANIEL BOONE

When a mere lad, there was developed in Daniel Boone that manly courage and spirit of adventure that in after years rendered him a distinguished leader among American pioneers. The home of his boyhood was in Philadelphia county (now Berks county), Pennsylvania, and, in 1748-9, when he was fifteen or sixteen years of age, he accompanied his cousin, Henry Miller, on a number of expeditions to the headwaters of the Shenandoah river, in Virginia, where they engaged in hunting and trading with the Indians. Miller soon afterward located on Mossy creek, Augusta county, and bult the first iron furnace in the valley of Virginia. Daniel's father sold out his homestead in Pennsylvania, and in May, 1750, removed his family to the banks of the Yadkin river, North Carolina, when Daniel was seventeen years of age. From this time commenced the distinguished career of Daniel Boone, whose life was so filled with romantic incidents and wild adventure, and whose noble qualities have so endeared him to

the American people that he will live forever in their hearts. He served with Washington on the frontiers of Virginia, in fort and field; was with the ill-fated Braddock expedition to Fort Duquesne, and took the most prominent part in the history of the early settlement of Kentucky. When Lord Dunmore organized his Sawnee campaign, in 1774, Boone was placed in command of three garrisons.

He accompanied Capts. Shelby, Russell and others, to join Gen. Lewis at Fort Union, in the Greenbrier levels. The three forts of which he had command were probably these: Fort Union, Morris fort (at the mouth of Kellys creek, nineteen miles from Charleston – the upper fort of the valley), and Clendenins fort, Charleston.

The eventful years of Boone's life in Kentucky followed, and when his distinguished services in the settlement of that country had been rewarded with ingratitude and forgetfulness, he turned his steps again to the Virginia that had better appreciated his worth. He had penetrated the wilderness when no other white man trod its soil. He had discovered its wonderful resources and proclaimed them to the world. His footsteps had been marked with blood. Two darling sons had fallen by savage hands amid the gloomy defiles of the Allegheny mountains. Many dark and sleepless nights had he been the companion of wild beasts, and among bloody-thirsty savages; separated from the society of civilized men; scorched by the summer's sun and chilled by the winter's cold – an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness. When the cloud of Indian warfare had passed away, and Boone had settled upon his lands, there, as he supposed, to spend the evening of his eventful life in quiet and peace, his title to his lands was disputed, and legal proceedings commenced against him. Boone could not comprehend this. He had led the way there; he had established himself and family in the land, and had defended it from the incursions of the Indians. And now, his lands were taken from him in his declining years, and he was driven from his farm, robbed of every acre, a houseless, homeless, impoverished mam.

At the age of fifty-five years he returned with his family to Virginia, making his residence in Mason county, at Point Pleasant, which settlement was then made up of the fort and a few log cabins. Soon afterward he removed to the south side of the Kanawha, four miles from the present city of Charleston, and half a mile from the noted hot spring, just opposite the present Daniel Boone and Snow Hill salt furnaces. His house was a double log one. with a passage between and a porch in front, all under one roof. In 1791, he was elected, with George Clendenin, to represent Kanawha county in the legislature. In the first military organization of the county, October 6, 1789, Thomas Lewis was appointed colonel, and Daniel Boone lieutenant-colonel.

During Boone's ten or twelve years' residence in the Kanawha valley, his time was principally occupied in hunting and trapping for beaver, and an occasional adventure with the Indians. Among his companions in trapping and hunting expeditions were Col. Robert Stafford and James Burford (in what is now Gallia county, Ohio), John Warth, sr., Van Bebber and many others, who, in after years, delighted in relating anecdotes of the old hero. Much of Boone's time was also occupied in locating and surveying lands, his thorough knowledge of the geography and topography of the whole country rendering his services in this line particularly valuable.

One of the pioneers of the valley was John Flinn, who settled on Cabin creek, fifteen miles above Charleston. During an Indian raid in the valley, Flinn and his wife were killed, their cabin burned, and their daughter Cloe taken prisoner; Betsy, another daughter, being away from the house at the time, escaped through the wilderness to Fort Donnelly, in Greenbrier. Boone, being notified, immediately organized a party and led them in pursuit of the savages, down the valley. The

latter were overtaken and killed, and Cloe rescued; the little orphan was made a member of Boone's family, and brought up and educated as a daughter.

In the fall of 1798, Daniel Boone left the Kanawha valley for Missouri, much to the regret of the whole community, who gathered from far and near, in canoes, on horseback and on foot, to bid him God-speed and a final adieu. He left by water, with the main part of his family and worldly goods, in canoes, embarking from the mouth of the Elk and Kanawha rivers, and tears wet the cheeks of his sturdy companions of the hunting-ground and battle-field, as they watched him floating down the river, and faintly heard his cheery last farewell, as it was borne upon the breeze.

This was the fourth great move of his life. Born on the banks of the Delaware, his childhood was passed amid the solitudes of the Upper Schuylkill; his early manhood, where he reared his cabin and took to it his worthy bride, was in North Carolina; thence penetrating the wilderness, through adventures surpassing the dreams of romance, he had passed many years amidst the most wonderful vicissitudes of quietude and of agitation, of peace and of war, at Boonesborough, in the valley of the Kentucky river. And now he forever bade adieu to his native country, and left Point Pleasant to find another Kentucky within the dominions of the crown of Spain. He reached the Mississippi safely, crossed the river into what is now the State of Missouri, and found a happy greeting in the cabin of his son, Daniel M. Boone, who had established himself on the west banks of the river, near where the city of St. Louis now stands. Don Carlos, the Spanish governor, gave Boone 8,000 acres of land on the north side of the Missouri river, from which Boone offered to make good the claims of those to whom he had sold land in Kentucky.

We will not follow him through all the vicissitudes through which he passed beyond the Father of Waters. Suffice it to say, that here he continued to reside until the year 1820, when Col. Daniel Boone, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, passed from among the living. His remains were brought to Frankfort, Kentucky in 1845, where they were re-interred amid the most imposing ceremonies.

ANN BAILEY

For generations the traditional history of this remarkable person has been transmitted from father to soon, and from mother to daughter, and today a traveler could scarcely call at the house of a family in the Great Kanawha valley, at which he could not hear some adventure recounted, or anecdote related illustrative of the character of this remarkable woman. Many localities in the valley, or along the old war trail from Fort Union to Point Pleasant, are rendered famous as the spots upon, or near which, some of her exploits are said to have occured, as the mouth of Elk river, where she sat upon the back of her horse, "Liverpool," and shot a "howl on a helm tree across the mouth of Helk river."

Her maiden name was Hennis. She was born at Liverpool, England, and at the age of thirty married Richard Trotter, with whom she sought a home in the Province of Virginia, then an English colony, tributary to the crown of Great Britian. Because of their extreme poverty, both were "sold out," as was then the custom, to defray the expenses of their passage. They were bought by a gentleman residing in Augusta county, Virginia, where, after their term of service expired, they became settlers. In 1774 Mr. Trotter enlisted in Col. Charles Lewis' regiment, and fell with him on the bloody field at Point Pleasant.

From the moment that the widow heard of her husband's death, a strange wild dream seemed to possess her. She expressed the strongest hatred of the Indian race, and declared her intention to seek revenge. She at once abandoned the natural pursuits of woman, and, arming herself with a rifle and tomahawk, rode about the country attending every muster of the soldiers, where, attired in

hunting-shirt, leggins and moccasins, she commanded universal attention. About the year 1777, she married a man named Bailey, and shortly after accompanied him to Clendenins fort, on the site of the present city of Charleston, in which her husband had been assigned to garrison duty. Here she soon became celebrated for her skill with the rifle, and at once entered upon a career as spy and messenger, which won for her the title of "The Semiramis of America." Her field of operations lay between Point Pleasant and the distant settlements on the James and Potomac. Over lofty mountains and through rugged canons she rode, mounted upon her favorite horse, "Liverpool," named in commemoration of her birth-place in England. Of the many adventures related, we select the following: When upon one of her journeys from Point Pleasant to Clendenins fort, she was discovered by a band of Indians, who raised a whoop and started in hot pursuit. In order to elude them, she dismounted from her horse and crept into a large hollow sycamore log. The savages came up, and after resting upon the log in which she was concealed, took possession of "Liverpool" and led him away. Soon after our heroine crept from her place of concealment and followed on the trail until late at night, when she came upon the party fast asleep, with the horse tied near by. She crept forward, untied him, mounted upon his back, and after giving a shout of defiance, bounded away, and in course of time reached Clendenins fort in perfect safety.

Soon after the murder of Cornstalk, at Point Pleasant, the commander of the fort at Charleston received, through his scouts, intelligence of the approach of a large band of Indians. An examination of the stock of supplies was made, and to the consternation of the garrison, it was found that the supply of powder was nearly exhausted. To obtain a supply, a journey of many miles, through a trackless wilderness, infested by relentless savages, had to be made, and not a man within the fort would consent to start upon the hazardous undertaking. But no sooner did the facts become known to Mrs. Bailey, than she fitted herself out in appropriate style, and, mounting her faithful "Liverpool," rode away into the wilderness, upon her perilous undertaking. Day and night she continued her course, often seen by the Indians, but as frequently eluding them, until 140 miles had been passed, and she arrived before the walls of Fort Union, into which she was soon ushered. Here she made known her errand to the commander, who furnished her an extra horse, and causing both to be heavily laden with the munitions of war, offered to send a detachment with her. This she refused, and at once set out, all alone, on her return. Two days and nights after, she reached Clendenins, and turned over to the commander her consignment of supplies. The next morning the fort was furiously assailed by the savages, but the garrison, now having a sufficient supply of powder, withstood the shock, and repulsed the savages. Thus, to Ann Bailey was Capt. Clendenin and his garrison indebted for their safety and the defeat of their relentless fort.

After the storm of war had passed away she still retained her singular habits and spent much of her time in fishing and hunting. She received the name of "Mad Ann Bailey," on account of her eccentricities, which were regarded with great indulgence by the people. "Mad Ann" and "Liverpool" were known far and wide, and wherever they went were greeted with gifts and smiles of welcome.

Her son, William Trotter, settled in what is now Harrison township, Gallia county, Ohio. Here his mother accompanied him, and resided for nearly twenty-three years. She enjoyed solitude, but the neighbors occasionally would induce her to relate some of her daring adventures. She died in 1825, said then to be in the 120th year of her age, and her remains were buried on a hill overlooking her son's residence. Virginia and Ohio should build a monument of enduring marble upon the spot.